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ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT  
THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, Dec. 10, 1823. BY SIR  
THOMAS LAWRENCE, PRESIDENT.

GENTLEMEN,

THE Council and General Assembly have great pleasure in witnessing the number of candidates on this occasion, and are well satisfied with the general progress of the schools.

In adjudging the premium for the best historical picture, they have been governed by those principles of Art, which form its real dignity—they consider the successful work, as presenting the most striking representation of the subject; a bolder character of composition; an effect well suited to poetic incident, (though perhaps carried to artificial excess,) with that approach to historic depth and richness of tone, which appears in unison with the general design, and promises the future colourist. These are the merits which in their opinion have deserved the prize.

Your own good taste, Gentlemen, will remind you, that we are to judge of works by the presence of beauties, not by the absence of defect; and that even if it fully reached the faultlessness of the character, the picture which should exhibit only the "coldly correct," would with difficulty obtain our sanction.

It must not, however, be considered, that we apply this term of negative praise to the pictures that receive the second premium: but as nothing can compensate for the entire want of original power, so the superior value we assign to it will command our decision in its favour, where considerable ability is not distant.\*

\* Perhaps it may be allowed us here to observe, that if the English school shall in the next age, as we confidently expect, surpass its attainments in the present, it will be in a great measure owing to the wise and liberal adoption of the course here laid down.—ED.

The works which have gained the silver medal, have much in them to commend. They show that careful attention to the drawing, and anatomical knowledge of the figure, so desirable in academical studies; and they are not deficient in very pleasing colour: whether the *tone* of that colour be strictly appropriate, is doubtful; the premiums were adjudged on other grounds; and the design, chiaro-scuro, and colour, proper to historical or epic subject, will probably be more deeply considered by the artists, on future occasions.

Your judges, Gentlemen, are but students of a higher form. Continuing our exertions at a more advanced station, the obstacles we have ourselves to encounter, remind us of the difficulties that await you; and we limit our expectations of your success, by the uncertainty of our own. It is part of the triumph of our Art, that it is slow in progress; and that, although there are frequent examples in it of youthful promise, there are none of youthful excellence. Even the early paintings of Raffaele, bear no comparison in finished merit, with the juvenile productions of the poet; with those of our own country; of Milton, Pope, or Cowley. Proceed then with equal firmness, humility, and hope; neither depressed nor vain; chiefly elated, that you determine to do better; as knowing that in a state of reasonable progress, the seeds of beauty are already sown, if you retain the consciousness of defect.

The rising school of England ought to do much; for it proceeds with great advantages. It has the soundest theory for its instruction, the brightest example for its practice, and the history of past greatness for its excitement.

The paternal care of the revered Founder of this institution, by the judicious selection of its officers, and the assignment of their duties, provided the most effectual means of study; and the Councils of this academy have been watchful to extend them; while, as the establishment advanced, the care of its Professors was seconded by the general exertions of the members, till in knowledge and ability it attained an eminence under its former and late president, that more than placed it on a level with the most enlightened schools in Europe. The noble works of those celebrated artists, and of others of their time—the comprehensive labours of Barry—the Shakspeare and Milton galleries—the many sublime designs by the great author of the latter\*, whose unapproached invention and high attainments enforce this tribute to

\* The late H. Fuseli, for whose talents as well as for those of West, the late amiable President seems to have entertained an opinion even beyond what was due to their merits.—ED.

living genius—the numerous illustrations of our novelists and poets, in the greater number of which, the purest spirit of Raffaele may be traced—the rich embellishments of Eastern fancy displayed in others; with as fine delineations of the pathos and comedy of Cervantes—the series of outlines from Homer, and the Greek tragedians, which embody the principles of ancient art; and in the expression of sentiment as well as grandeur, seem coeval with its brightest age!—these various and unrivalled efforts of the pencil fully support me in the assertion; whilst in the sister arts, the names of Banks, of Nollekens, and Bacon, Sir William Chambers, Mr. Dance, and Mr. Wyatt, still more confirm it. We must be careful not to surrender this distinction; and although one obvious disadvantage presents itself in the inadequate powers of the individual who now fills the chair, I yet hope, Gentlemen, that remembering by whom he has been preceded, and by whom he is surrounded, you will yourselves endeavour to make up the *amount* of honour; do justice to the scene of your education, and the expectations of the country; and perpetuate by your own, the services of those great men, who so largely contributed to its fame.

Except in less brilliant periods, when decision may err between equality of talent, the voice of a profession is usually just; and of those distinguished persons, the pre-eminence must undoubtedly be given, to our former and late president.

The elevated philosophy of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in those golden precepts, which are now acknowledged as canons of universal taste; and that illustrious Society, of which he was the centre, combined with his genius to give a dazzling splendour to his name, which seemed to leave him without competitor; yet the powers and knowledge of Mr. West deserved not the contrast in their present fortunes.

At an æra when historical painting was at the lowest ebb (with the few exceptions, which the claims of the beautiful and the eminent permitted to the pencil of Sir Joshua,) Mr. West, sustained by the beneficent patronage of His late Majesty, produced a series of compositions from sacred and profane history, profoundly studied, and executed with the most facile power, which not only were superior to any former productions of English art, but far surpassing contemporary merit on the continent, were unequalled at any period below the schools of the Carracci. The picture of 'The Return of Regulus to Carthage,' preserved with gracious attention in the palace of Buckingham House, and of 'The Shipwreck of St. Paul,' in the chapel of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, are examples that may securely be adduced in testimony of the fact.

Towards the close of an honoured and laborious life, and when his advanced age might reasonably have deterred him from exertion, he produced a large and interesting work\*, which, meeting with liberal reward, so forcibly excited the admiration of the public, as even by its attraction to add new means of patronage to the prompt benevolence that secured it. This was succeeded by others, of still more arduous subject, of greater magnitude, and, if possible, more powerfully impressive. The display of such astonishing ability in age, (for he was employed on them in his eightieth year,) combined with the sacred importance of his subjects, gave him celebrity at the close of his life, far greater than he had ever before enjoyed; and he became (almost to forgetfulness of deceased greatness,) the one popular painter of his country. Yet what slight circumstances may retard the effect usually produced by death on the fame of the eminent and good! It is now more than three years, that we have witnessed at his own residence, an exhibition of the accumulated labours of this venerable and great artist, whose remains were honoured with a public funeral, and whose loss was felt as a national calamity—totally neglected and deserted! the spacious rooms in which they are arranged, erected in just respect to a parent's memory, and due attention to the imagined expectations of the public, as destitute of spectators as the vacant halls of some assembly; and, but for the possession of other property of known value, threatening to injure the remaining fortunes of the filial love that raised them. But though unnoticed by the public, the gallery of Mr. West, remains, Gentlemen, for you, and exists for your instruction; while the extent of knowledge that he possessed, and was so liberal to convey—the useful weight of his opinions, in societies of the highest rank—the gentle humanity of his nature, and that parental fondness, with which youth, and its young aspirings, were instructed and cherished by him, will render his memory sacred to his friends, and endeared to the schools of this Academy, while respect for worth, and gratitude for invaluable service, are encouraged in them.

For myself, indebted to his friendship for no inconsiderable portion of that service, I can truly say, that I never estimated the comprehensive ability of that great artist so highly, as when comparing his labours in my memory, with many of the most celebrated compositions, then before me, of the revivers of modern art: and were the revered friend now living to whom my letters were addressed, his report would be evidence of that impression.

\* "Christ Healing the Sick," purchased by the British Institution, and presented to the National Gallery.—ED.



I hope it is impossible that the nation should long continue its neglect; and seem to prove by this indifference, that the general enthusiasm so recently excited by those fine productions, and the respect then shown to their venerated author, were but the impulse and fashion of an hour, dependent on the mere convenience of place and distance, instead of the rational tribute of the judgement; and the feeling protection of an enlightened and just people.

Yet, whatever in extent of fame had been the successful rivalry of Mr. West with his illustrious predecessor, the integrity of your late lamented President would still have yielded the chief honours of the English school to our beloved Sir Joshua! of whose works, character, and conversation, he often spoke, in the last years of the intercourse I had the honour to have with him, with that pleased and proud remembrance, which great minds always hold of the competitor who had most severely tasked their powers; of the genius that had surpassed them.

With what increased splendour did that genius lately re-appear amongst us!

Many of us must remember, when after long absence, the great tragic actress of our time\*, returned for a season to the stage; to correct the forgetfulness of taste, and restore the dignity of her art: it was so with the return—the recovered glories of Sir Joshua! They who believed themselves best acquainted with his works, and entitled by their knowledge to speak of them with enthusiasm, felt how much that knowledge had forgotten; how inadequate to their merits was the praise they had bestowed. The prejudices, so injurious to modern art, were gone—time seemed to have advanced the future with double speed, and presenting Truth, invested her with new radiance! The few remaining competitors and scholars of this great artist, saw him then with the eyes of posterity, and beheld in their own narrow period, the sure stability of his fame.

It is singular, that the judgement, the unpretending sense, and manly simplicity, so generally acknowledged to have marked the character of Sir Joshua, should have been impugned only on those opinions upon Art, which seem to have been the most deliberately formed, and were enforced by him with parental zeal, as his last remembrance to this Academy. Sufficient proof of the sincerity of his admiration of Michael Angelo had previously existed, in the actions of some of his finest groups having been taken from him: but we want no other evidence of

\* Mrs. Siddons.

its truth than his picture of Mrs. Siddons ; a work of the highest epic character, and indisputably the finest female portrait in the world \*.

The link that united him to Michael Angelo was the sense of ideal greatness,—the noblest of all perceptions. It is this sublimity of thought that marks the first-rate genius ; this impelling fancy,—which has nowhere its defined form, yet everywhere its image ; and while pursuing excellence too perfect to be attained, creates new beauty that cannot be surpassed !. It belongs only to that finer sagacity which sees the essence of the beautiful or grand divested of incongruous detail ; and whose influence on the works of the great President is equally apparent in the calm firm Defender of the national Rock, as in the dying Queen of Virgil, or the grandeur of the Tragic Muse.

To a mind so enlarged and liberal as Sir Joshua's—who decried not the value of an Art that gave the world its Shakspeare, and in whose society a Garrick and a Kemble lived in grateful intercourse with Mr. Burke and Dr. Johnson,—we may well imagine how gratifying were the contemplation and progress of that divine work ; and allowing much to anticipated fame, we may equally believe that part of the noble purpose was protection of the genius he admired ! to affix to passing excellence an imperishable name ; extend the justice withheld by the limits of her art ; and, in the beauty of that unequalled countenance (fixed in the pale abstraction of some lofty vision, whose “bodiless creations” are crowding on her view, and leave in suspended action the majestic form), to verify the testimony of tradition, and, by the mental grandeur that invests her, record in resistless evidence the enchantment of her power !

That the works, Gentlemen, of this illustrious man should have the strongest influence upon you, cannot be matter of surprise : that the largest *style* of painting that perhaps is known, should captivate the scholar as it has charmed the teacher, is the most natural result that could have been produced in minds of sensibility and taste :—but let it not mislead them. If they determine to make the labours of Sir Joshua their example, let them first examine by what only means their excellence was acquired.

His early pictures bear evidence of the utmost delicacy of finishing ; the most careful imitation. That sensitiveness of taste, which probably from boyhood he possessed, could never have permitted him to enter

\* Now in the possession of Lord Grosvenor ; purchased at the sale of the collection of M. de Calonne, for whom it was painted. The Dulwich Gallery claim to possess a duplicate, but we believe there is little doubt of that being a copy.—ED.

into the mean details of Denner, or content himself with the insipidity of Cornelius Janssen : but in mere finishing he was inferior to neither ; and the history of the greatest masters is but one. Truth is the key of Art, as Knowledge is of Power : within the portals you have ample range, but each apartment must be opened by it. The noblest work that perhaps was ever yet projected, the loftiest in conception, and executed with as unequalled breadth, is the ceiling of Michael Angelo : the miniatures of Julio Clovio are not more finished than his studies.

On you, Gentlemen, who, with the candidates of this evening, are entering on the first department of the Art, the conduct of Sir Joshua should act with treble force. Mr. Burke says of him, " In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere." To that sphere let his example guide you, and it will lead you to the highest : to Correggio, to Titian, to Raffaele, to Michael Angelo ! To " those divine men, in whose presence " (to use his own eloquent language,) " it is impossible to think or to invent in a mean manner ; and by the contemplation of whose works, a state of mind is acquired, that is disposed to receive those ideas of art only which relish of grandeur or simplicity."

Tasks of great difficulty lie before you, and with them you have one essential duty to perform : fulfil the latter, and the former will more certainly be achieved. Be faithful at all times to the dignity of your art : let nothing tempt you to bend a noble theory to imperfect practice ; be constant to it in failure as in success ; remembering that the most insidious approach of error is masked by disappointment. There may be new combinations, new excellencies, new paths, new powers (of which, to the glory of a sister country, we have fortunately high example) ; there can be no new PRINCIPLES in art ; and the verdict of ages (unshaken during the most daring excitement of the human mind) is not now to be disturbed. The variety of Nature has no limit ; and in the subjects she presents, there is ample scope for the utmost diversity of thought : but since the judgement of mankind has limited the circle of GREATNESS but to few, be these your audience, your tribunal : reject all meaner association, assured that once admitted to the highest, the rest are at all times sufficiently at your command.

The present auspicious circumstances indicate an approaching æra that may teach us to look with less regret on the splendour of the past — A people more and more informed on the subject of the Fine Arts ; a Legislature alive to the importance of encouraging them ; a Government adopting measures to secure for them the noblest examples ; and a gracious Monarch to command its efforts ! at all times the munificent

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patron of this establishment, and whose reign has not been more the glory of his people, than their advancement and happiness are his reward.

If it is observed that the names of GAINSBOROUGH, HOPFNER, and WILSON, are omitted in the preceding pages, it must be remembered that it was to the students in Historical Composition that the Address was delivered; and, therefore, to the masters excelling in that department, that their attention was directed.

The mention of the Shakspeare Gallery cannot fail to recall the powerful works of Mr. OPTIE, with those of his distinguished compeer still living, the biographer of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT BRITISH ARCHITECTS. By  
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. [FAMILY LIBRARY, Vol. XIX.] London.  
Murray, 1831.

THIS volume has by no means disappointed us: we fully expected that Mr. Allan Cunningham would draw up his biographical sketches in a pleasing popular style, and produce something more readable than the dry and jejune articles in which our architects have hitherto been chronicled in dictionaries: equally certain, too, did we feel that he would introduce no strangers to our acquaintance, but merely those respectable, well-known characters with whom every one is tolerably familiar, and whose pretensions, it may therefore be presumed, are placed beyond dispute:—nor has the event contradicted our expectations. That Mr. Cunningham has made his book tolerably amusing, considering the unpromising nature of the subject; that he has interwoven numerous anecdotes, which, if not very important in themselves, or rather threadbare, will doubtless tend to render the whole more palatable; and that he is frequently epigrammatic in his remarks, if never very profound in his criticisms;—cannot be denied: but that he has given us any new information, or that he has evinced any peculiar qualifications for the task, beyond that of having written a similar series of sketches of our Painters and Sculptors,—can hardly be asserted. Whether it has happened fortunately or unfortunately, we do not pretend to determine: certain, however, it is, that the *Lives of the British Architects* still remain to be written, although we apprehend it will be very long ere any one will be found equally competent and willing to engage in so arduous an undertaking.

Were we disposed to call things, on every occasion, by their names, which are sometimes too ugly to be pleasing to "ears polite," we might, without fear of contradiction, term this volume a specimen of book-making; very clever, undoubtedly, and a very ingenious sample,—none of your everyday blundering scissors-and-paste work,—nevertheless mere book-making; and far be it from us to hint that the public ought not to countenance that species of manufacture. Still, Mr. Cunningham is not only one of the most skilful, but also one of the most considerate and merciful of those who exercise that gentle craft; for, happily, he has not inflicted on us, as he easily might have done, an historical sketch of Architecture in this country from the time of the Romans; for which forbearance he is entitled to our thanks. He has also the merit of being tolerably select, inasmuch as his volume contains only seven lives, beginning with William of Wykeham, and terminating with Sir William Chambers. We cannot, however, add, that he has contributed anything to the common stock in this department of literature; since, of every one of the individuals whom we here meet with, notices are to be found in a variety of biographical publications; while of one or two of them, separate memoirs of considerable length have long ago appeared. That they have never hitherto been given in a similar form, or in so popular a dress, we admit: neither do we reproach Mr. Cunningham for repetitions which the very nature of his work renders unavoidable: on the contrary, we should have thought it a singular omission had he passed by names whose very celebrity—no matter whether deserved or not—has rendered them rather hackneyed and stale to every one, but mere novices in art. We do, however, feel very dissatisfied with him for having exclusively confined himself to the lives of persons of whom little new was to be reported, and for the extraordinary negligence or caprice—we might add injustice—he has manifested, in taking no notice of many architects who deserved to be admitted into his temple of fame. On re-consideration, we are almost content that it should be so, as some of those to whom we allude might otherwise have unceremoniously ejected one or two of the worthies whom Mr. Cunningham "delighteth to honour."

We certainly do not quarrel with him for his "expressive silence" with regard to Colin Campbell, whose 'Vitruvius' ought nevertheless to have obtained favour for him with our author, seeing that it contains designs of many of the notable and ingenious devices of those great masters who, as we are here assured, are now rising "into the places of which the malice of criticism had too long defrauded them": but we

do rather wonder that Mr. C., who is himself a native of Scotland, and who has introduced the comprehensive epithet "British" on his title-page, should not have condescended to speak of his countryman Sir William Bruce; especially as it would have afforded him a very excellent opportunity for touching upon the history of the art in North Britain; respecting which there is comparatively very little to be met with. We can, however, pardon this omission, both because the knight was little more than a Scotch edition of Inigo Jones, and because he did not possess that "breadth of character" which Mr. C. professes so greatly to admire. But what shall we say of the writer who, in compiling the biographies of the British Architects, entirely excludes from his catalogue both Robert Adam and James Stuart, whose names form landmarks for the historian of the art in the eighteenth century. We can hardly impute such very obvious omissions to mere oversight, nor do we imagine that Mr. Cunningham would plead such a very blundering excuse: did they arise then from choice?—were they forced upon him by sheer necessity? The latter can hardly have been the case, since he is tolerably expert in the art of expanding a little matter over no inconsiderable surface of paper. We have therefore no other alternative, than to suppose that a certain incomprehensible fastidiousness of taste has prevented the author of the *éloge* on Gibbs from speaking of those artists. Perhaps a laudable regard to consistency induced him to suppress the name of Stuart, since it would have been particularly awkward to speak of him as the individual to whom we are indebted for our acquaintance with Grecian architecture, after being previously informed that it was introduced here "in all its purity" in the days of James I.

The biographer's silence with regard to Adam is perfectly inexplicable; the claims of this architect to his notice being so many,—and among the rest, that of being a native of Scotland. Adam also possessed in no inconsiderable degree that "breadth of character" which our British Vasari finds so peculiarly captivating; for he designed not only buildings but ornamental furniture and various articles of embellishment, to say nothing either of his efforts as a painter, or of his researches as an antiquary. Yet none of these recommendations, not even the circumstance of his having erected the Register Office, and many other structures to which the modern Athens is indebted for not a little of her architectural beauty, were sufficient it seems to obtain for him any record from the Scotchman. What is the quantum of celebrity that forms a passport with Mr. Cunningham, we do not pretend to know,—that the very minimum of merit can secure his applause we shall pre-

sently show; but if vogue be celebrity, Robert Adam was the celebrated architect of his day; and more than this we can hardly say of the majority of those whom we find admitted into this Elysian volume. Few can be more sensible of Adam's defects and great inequalities, than ourselves; none can more sincerely reprobate his vices, the tawdriness and flimsiness that pervade many of his designs, and which are rendered doubly glaring by being applied to the pitiful *hole-in-the-wall* system, thereby producing a mixture of poverty and finery, that equally outrages propriety and economy. There are, nevertheless, numerous redeeming points in his style; and—although almost invariably neutralized by his own infelicity, many real excellencies. Invention he certainly possessed; and his designs abound with ideas capable of furnishing far more beautiful compositions than any of his own: this is surely some merit; yet whether it be or no, we do not find such a *fund* of imagination in the works of his predecessors. His external architecture was, we grant, generally petty: he seems to have depended by far too much on merely adscititious embellishment, covering even his architraves with carving, while the windows are altogether naked. His forte lay in the arrangement and decoration of interiors: nor is it too much to affirm, that it is to him we are indebted for much of that comfort combined with elegance, which is so peculiarly the characteristic of an English house. Adam's immediate predecessors seem to have had either no notions of, or to have paid but very little attention to convenience in any one respect. The mansions designed by them might not improperly be described by the sarcastic compliment bestowed by an Italian critic on the palaces of his native country, who terms them *belle maschere*, were it not that the adjective ought to be omitted, or rather a very offensive one substituted in its place. Many of Adam's ground plans are admirable; and independently of their able distribution, they display a variety in the forms and proportions of the separate apartments, and an attention to contrast and scenic effect, that deserve to be attentively studied. An inspection of his designs for the alteration of Sion House, all of which were, unfortunately, not carried into execution, will suffice to convince us of his talent in this respect. It cannot indeed be denied that his detail was frequently too florid even for interiors; and we also admit that there was not always that due keeping between the different parts of his compositions, or in fact, that attention to character, so essential to unity and chastity of effect in the *tout-ensemble*: exuberance was one of his chief errors, a fault easy to be corrected; for by paring away his redundancies, and omitting his superfluities, we may obtain many very tasteful pieces of ornament. After



all, although Adam may be considered in a great measure as the originator of our present system of domestic architecture, we by no means intend to say that it has not since been materially improved and extended both by the application of Greek forms, and by many subsequent inventions and contrivances. It appears to us, too, that there was too much of mere fashion in his style—of that which is altogether arbitrary: hence having only the fictitious and temporary value conferred by novelty, it has already become *passé*, like many other things that are doomed quickly to become antiquated, but which will never be antique. And here we may observe that, allied as they seem in their nature, originality and caprice are the antipodes of each other; for want of attending to which simple but highly important distinction, not only have those who have mistaken the latter for the former, indulged in the most offensive monstrosities, but a very injurious prejudice has been created against all innovation, let it be ever so tasteful, or ever so consistent with legitimate principles. Originality ever conforms to such principles, for it is in fact based upon them: if it departs, as frequently it will, from the written letter of the law, never does it violate its spirit. It is the vital germ of all art: destroy it, and we have nothing to supply its place, but dull extravagance and mechanical routine. Caprice, on the contrary, acts in opposition to those principles; and deviating from them, substitutes discord for variety, for invention, whim; while it rejects study as altogether superfluous.—But to return to Adam, or rather to Mr. Cunningham; we strongly suspect that the principal motive which induced him to exclude that architect, was the very circumstance which renders a memoir of him the more desirable; namely, that little has hitherto been published relative either to himself or his works.

We can hardly, however, persuade ourselves, particularly when we consider the singular industry exhibited by the author, that such a motive influenced him with regard to Stuart, because materials for the lives both of Stuart, and his coadjutor Revett, are accessible to any tolerable degree of research. Accordingly, we are obliged to attribute the ominous silence observed with respect to the distinguished and praiseworthy restorers of Grecian art to some other cause. What, however, that may be, we can only surmise, as the author has not thought proper to explain himself. So complete, indeed, is his silence on everything connected with Stuart, that he does not even so much as allude to him more than once in any part of his book; we are therefore tempted to conclude that he considers him to have been rather a *book-maker* than an architect; else the only alternative that is left us,

is to suppose that, for certain reasons of his own, he has chosen to suppress all mention of Stuart. In so doing, however, he is supported by the recent example of M. Quatremère de Quincy\*, who in his "*Histoire des Ouvrages et de la Vie des plus célèbres Architectes*," has not only omitted Stuart, but stranger still, David Leroy. In fact a remarkable sympathy either of taste or discretion is to be observed both in the English and French biographer: if the one has disdained to notice Adam, the other has not condescended to speak of Ledoux; while the criticisms of both might have been written, or we should rather say, were written a century ago; for, to use a notable phrase of Lady Morgan's, they partake dreadfully of the *perruque*. To little purpose have we explored Attica and Ionia—to little purpose have our Dilettanti published their splendid works, if we are to be told at this day that we ought to admire the barbarisms of Gibbs. We are well content, therefore, that Mr. Cunningham let Stuart alone: he needs no monument from his pen, and he has probably been spared the disgrace of having the chapel at Greenwich Hospital recorded as being many degrees inferior in taste to St. Stephen's Walbrook, or St. Martin's.

It would be very easy to point out other omissions†; but the above two flagrant instances will suffice, and perhaps our readers will be of opinion that we have already devoted too much space to this individual point of criticism. Now it may happen that Mr. Cunningham may retort upon us, and say that we have been too precipitate in our censure, as he intends to give us both Adam and Stuart in another volume. If so, we can only say that he himself has led us into the mistake, should it ultimately prove to be one; since, consistently with the arrangement he has laid down for himself, the architects we have mentioned, should have been placed before Chambers, who did not die till several years after Stuart. To say the truth, we shall have little objection to be convicted of error, being not a little curious to learn how Mr. Cunningham will either square his admiration of the "Athenian" with that which he expresses for his pseudo-Grecian artists, or how he will contrive to detract from the merits of the former.

\* This architect also published the *Antiquities of Greece*, but with far less accuracy and diligence than our own countryman.

† In our opinion, Wood of Bath was certainly entitled to have a few pages bestowed upon him, if merely on account of his improvements in the style of street architecture. He was the first who attempted to correct its insipidity and triviality, by combining several distinct houses into a uniform façade, as was afterwards done in a few instances by the Adams, and of late years by Mr. Nash; although the last-mentioned architect has been complimented as being the originator of such a practice.

Having thus far told our readers what Mr. C. has not done, let us now examine what he has done. We cannot reasonably complain at meeting with no more than a solitary name among those of our ancient architects, since perhaps even the most patient and laborious antiquarian research could hardly elicit any materials beyond a few dates and imperfect hints, for notices of those men to whom we are indebted for the wondrous fabrics which were reared during the reigns of the Plantagenets and the following dynasty. The chroniclers of those ages were marvellously bad critics; nor was the world then illuminated by such historians of art as Allan Cunningham, or by such journalists as ourselves. If our ancestors, however, could not discourse eloquently on art, they did something better—they made their buildings all eloquent, teaching them to speak a language intelligible to every one whose intellect and feelings were not benumbed by the frigid pedantry that ventured to pronounce them barbarous and a rude congeries of fantastic conceits. So little is known of the system of architectural study in those days, that it is impossible to determine whether there were any written rules or treatises on the subject, or whether the art was taught solely by traditional instruction. Neither can we now expect to ascertain what kind of communication was kept up between the architects of this country and those of the Continent, or what they borrowed from or communicated to each other. The only point on which there can be no doubt is, that the ecclesiastics were not only the great patrons of the art, but the principal architects; nevertheless it may be questioned whether many of those whose names are thus recorded, were not merely the founders of the buildings said to have been erected by them, or at least did little more than direct and superintend the designs of others. In all probability, too, the original draughts were seldom contrived by a single individual, so that the merit ought to be shared among many. Be this as it may, no light is thrown on this very obscure subject by the Life of William of Wykeham, nor have his biographers been able to give us any information relative to his studies in the art he is said to have practised. To say the truth, such is the ingenious ambiguity with which Mr. Cunningham has expressed himself, that after perusing the life of the prelate, it is impossible for the reader, should he be at all sceptical, to satisfy himself that Wykeham was actually the architect of any of the buildings ascribed to him. We are told, for instance, that he determined to take down the whole of the nave of Winchester cathedral, and to rebuild it in a stronger and more magnificent manner, which great work he commenced in 1395; yet this no more implies that he actually designed the new structure, than

that he pulled down the old one with his own hands: every child knows that in this sense 'to build,' means merely to cause to be erected, without designing or taking any share in the formation of the edifice. In this memoir of him, Wykeham is exhibited full as much in his character of churchman and statesman, and a munificent founder of colleges and hospitals, as in that of architect; for all that Mr. C. says of him in this latter capacity would scarcely fill a couple of his pages. The worthy bishop has, however, served him as a peg on which to hang some account of the Gothic style of architecture; in doing which he, of course, notices some of the thousand-and-one different theories regarding its origin, all of which are founded upon hypothesis and inference alone, and therefore have been serviceable only inasmuch as they have led to more accurate study and investigation of its principles, and to the admiration of its beauties. With regard to the individual theories, the principal merit of each is, that it determines nothing: instead of settling the question, every one leaves us, in its turn, ready to listen to the next writer who boldly promises to remove all our doubts. They who have engaged in this controversy may be compared to knights attempting to hew through a rock with their glaives, the only result from their doughty blows being noise and sparks. What if, after all, the pointed arch should have originated either in some blundering expedient, or some untoward accident, or in some capricious whim!—it would not be the only instance where chance has stumbled upon what ingenuity had failed to detect.

So far from offering any opinion of his own on this subject, or informing us to which of the theories he notices he most inclines, Mr. C., like ourselves, treats them somewhat cavalierly, and like us, too, considers it as a matter of very minor importance: "Go to, there is sympathy!" Nay, not having the fear of Sir Christopher Wren before his eyes, he professes himself a warmer admirer of that style: so are we—"there is sympathy again!" and we are truly happy in being able to coincide for once with the opinions of Mr. Allan Cunningham. Thank Heaven! we have outlived the age of that twaddling criticism which, while it could perceive "eurythmy, symmetry, nobleness and decorum of proportions, delicate invention, ingenious fancies and stateliness of design," in the works of that brave architect Master Inigo, could behold nothing but "deformity, unseemly proportions, and Gothic impertinences," in the glorious structures of his predecessors. It cannot indeed be denied that the latter frequently exhibit a "multiplicity of little parts;" but it must also be borne in mind that these, so far from impairing, are *congenial to the idiom of the style*, and that they all concur

to form one grand combination. Still some critics will even now affirm that this intricacy and variety of outline are incompatible with true sublimity; to which reasoning we can only reply,—after the manner in which the philosopher convinced the sophist of the futility of his argument against motion,—by appealing to the evidence of the senses. Do we not feel, as we pace along those noble structures of other days, that one pervading spirit, like some secret intelligence, animates and informs the whole, till brute stone and timber become instinct with soul, and appear a pure emanation of mind, while we inwardly prostrate ourselves before the power of that art which shed a hallowing glory over the despotism of priestcraft, and which almost makes us believe superstition to have been virtue?

It is really singular what narrow-minded, vulgar, and drivelling ideas are entertained on the subject of architecture by many persons who pass for well-informed: in the exclusive spirit of sectarianism, they will admit of but one mode of beauty; whichever it be they espouse, that alone is the genuine one, all the rest mere counterfeits. Thus the worshiper of Grecian architecture conceives that he cannot show his classic orthodoxy better than by impugning the Gothic heresies of others, who in their turn with as devout a zeal anathematize the pagan styles of Egypt\* and of Greece. In their contention about the merits of particular modes, such persons altogether overlook the spirit of art, like the squabbling partizans of Classicism and Romanticism; who are now waging furious war against each other's systems, as if it were impossible for the one to exist unless the other be destroyed. Are then all the various styles of architecture, the reader will perhaps ask, so nearly on an equality that there is no difference of merit between them? We do not mean to say that: each has peculiar beauties of its own; one may be more copious and expressive, another more polished and harmonious; a third more energetic than the rest:—but wherefore should we torment ourselves in attempting to decide upon their abstract merits, when it would be so much wiser to content ourselves with admiring that which is excellent in each? Surely it is very possible for us to entertain preference for one style without being insensible to the merit of another; or we may, without the slightest inconsistency, admit some

\* Having alluded to Egypt, we cannot resist the opportunity it affords us of paying our tribute to the talents of Mr. Parke, whose 'Interior of a Sepulchral Chamber' was the architectural gem of last year's exhibition at Somerset House. We do not hesitate to pronounce it a most exquisite work of art, marked by a poetic feeling and sublimity of sentiment truly enchanting.

things in a different style to be far superior to others in that which we most affect. It would be a most pitiable kind of consistency that would induce us to prefer a vile production in our own favourite class of art, to what is really meritorious in one for which we have no predilection. Even considering,—as we certainly do,—the Italian style to have too much jargon, and to be with regard to the Grecian that which a patois dialect is to the purer idiom of the same stock, we admit that it has occasionally produced individual things of great merit, and what we unquestionably prefer to the *cockney antique* to be met with in some of our new suburban churches.

But we shall be accused of entirely forgetting Mr. Cunningham and his book; nor can we return to him better than by giving the following passage, with which he concludes his *Life of Wykeham*. “The architecture in which Wykeham excelled, and the religion which he so ardently loved, were doomed to sink in this land together. Against the latter, knowledge and reason and Scripture were directed; against the former, classic caprice and the pedantry of learning preached a crusade; and where one only merited success, both succeeded. Our reliance on the taste of John Evelyn, of which we hear so much, is sorely shaken by reading his evidence concerning the Gothic. ‘The ancient Greek and Roman architecture’, says he, ‘answers all the perfections required in a faultless and accomplished building; such as for so many ages were so renowned and reputed by the universal suffrages of the civilized world, and would doubtless have still subsisted and made good their claim, had not the Goths and Vandals subverted and demolished them, introducing in their stead a certain fantastical and licentious manner of building which we have since called *modern* or *Gothic*; congestions of heavy, dark, melancholy and monkish piles, without any just proportion, use, or beauty.’ We look at the churches of York, Lincoln, Salisbury, and Winchester, and smile at the pedantry of the amiable Evelyn.” Now we should rather say “laugh outright;” for is it not supremely ridiculous to perceive a man fancying he understands anything of Greek architecture without having seen a single specimen of it; and who, could he have beheld an example of the genuine Doric, would, we venture to say, have pronounced it coarse and “heavy,” “without any just proportion or beauty”? We all of us deceive ourselves more or less by mere names; and because the Roman and Italian orders have obtained the same appellations as the original ones, people have made no distinction between the things themselves; yet it is as easy to discover any of the beauties of Virgil in Dr. Trapp’s barbarous English travesty, as to discern aught of the grace of the Athenian Ionic

in the wretched adulterations or parodies of the order by Palladio and Jones. It is exceedingly pleasant, too, to hear the unsuspecting Evelyn term the Gothic as "a certain fantastical and licentious manner of building;" for did we not know what he is speaking of, we should imagine him to be describing St. Peter's at Rome.

Before we proceed further, we must just notice a passage quoted from Lowth's *Life of Wykeham*, as it affords an example of the exceedingly vague and random language in which those who affect to be judges of architecture are too apt to indulge. Speaking of the ancient structure of Winchester cathedral, the Bishop observes, "It was of the Saxon architecture, with round pillars much stronger than Doric or Tuscan, or square piers adorned with small pillars." Now by the allusion here made to Doric or Tuscan, the reader might be apt to imagine that there was some similarity between a Doric and Saxon column, whereas there is so broad and essential a difference between them, that we should think it hardly possible for any one to overlook it; namely, that the one is the frustrum of a cone, and the other cylindrical.

Passing over nearly three centuries, the next architect whom Mr. C. introduces to us, is that person of proverbial reputation in his art, Inigo Jones. We could have wished indeed that he had first given us some account of Sir Reginald Bray, to whose genius are attributed those two marvellously fine structures, St. George's Chapel at Windsor and Henry the Seventh's at Westminster: neither should we have been displeased, had the author thought fit to speak of Holbein, who, though not a native of England, may, nevertheless, be considered one of her architects,—*sed aliter visum est*. Let us, therefore, without further ceremony, approach that great reformer, the astonishing phoenix of British art, Master Inigo, who, as we have all been taught in our schoolbooks, first displayed in this country the grace and majesty of Grecian architecture. We certainly do not liken ourselves to Ben Jonson, whose quarrels with Jones have furnished the author with no small proportion of his matter; yet, we shall not be greatly behind him in the freedom with which we shall allow ourselves to speak of the architect. Inigo is, in our opinion, a very striking example how far propitious circumstances, and accident sometimes go towards establishing a reputation that would never have been obtained by the individual's own desert. "The times were ripe," observes Mr. C., "for the appearance of such a genius as Inigo." But the truth is, the times were ripe for any one who chose to copy Palladio, and to transplant his style at once into this kingdom, and substitute his elevations for the grotesque



patchwork of petty columns and entablatures engrafted on the Tudor style. The novelty of the manner imported hither by Jones obtained for him the credit of invention, whereas, in truth, he was indebted to the Vicentine architect for almost every idea,—repeating his vices and defects, as well as what may be considered his merits. To his Italian predecessors alone belongs the praise of having formed a new, and in itself tolerably consistent system of architecture, derived chiefly from such Roman works as the Coliseo, where different orders of engaged columns rise one above the other; but Jones neither advanced nor improved it. If he possessed the originality his admirers have claimed for him, he certainly displayed very little of it in his designs. It is still, however, the fashion to cry up Inigo Jones as a first-rate genius, but more so from tradition and hearsay than from the study of his works; for we will venture to affirm, that were any one shown some of those designs of his published by Kent, without being informed who was their author, he would express his opinion in terms very far indeed from complimentary. No words can do justice to their hideousness, much less exaggerate it; nevertheless, they are all “pure Grecian or Roman,”—so at least Mr. C. chooses to inform his readers upon the faith, we presume, of their total ignorance of the matter, and he further expresses his regret that we have no complete collection of the designs of this eminent architect; adding, however, with extreme *naïveté*, “such an undertaking would ruin a private individual.” There we perfectly agree with you, Mr. Allan Cunningham; the publisher who would speculate in such an undertaking, ought to have both a tolerably long purse and plenty of warehouse-room. It would be a marvellously daring enterprise at this time of day, nor will it be attempted till you yourself shall have favoured the world with a complete edition of the works of Sir Richard Blackmore.

Could anything tempt us to regret that Jones's designs for a palace at Whitehall were not carried into execution, it would be the structure at the west end of St. James's Park. Mr. Nash's compasses plead more eloquently in favour of Inigo than does Mr. Cunningham's rhetoric. For our own part, we are content, if not satisfied, with the fragment called the Banqueting-house, which, by the by, as we are informed at page 104, has *three*\* rows of columns! It is certainly the

\* That this is not an error of the press is evident from the context, for Mr. C. says, “Nor am I sure that a good defence can be offered for placing two, nay, *three* rows of columns over one another as they appear in the *Banqueting-house*.” No wonder that the critic finds so much to admire in

architect's *chef-d'œuvre*, and a fair specimen of the Italian style; but we do not apprehend it would have gained much, had the whole structure been reared, which latter would have presented but a rather monotonous repetition of a number of small parts. Its general physiognomy would have partaken far more of the style it superseded than of anything Grecian. To convince our readers, however, that we can be candid upon occasion, we will do Inigo the justice to say that he does not deserve the censure conveyed in the following passage. "To place the heavy bases of one order upon the slender capitals of another, seems questionable architectural heraldry." Here we have a notable specimen of our author's critical acumen: in the first place, the objection here stated is founded upon an assumption perfectly gratuitous, because the bases of the order next in succession neither are nor appear to be heavier than the capitals of that beneath, therefore the architectural epithets employed by Mr. C. must be introduced, if not to mislead, at least merely as ornamental expletives. Secondly, as an architectural critic, Mr. C. ought to know that, in super-columniation, the diameter of the upper order is less than that of the lower one; consequently the thicker column appears capable of supporting the slenderer one. Abstractedly considered there is no absurdity in one range of columns over another, provided there be occasion to do so, and it be done with such taste and discretion as to become a beauty. It ought also to be considered that in such a style as that of the Banqueting-house, columns can be regarded as little more than mere embellishments, forming a part of the general wall, and so connected with it, as to obviate the idea of there being occasion for any particular support. It is frivolous therefore to make such objections to what is, in fact, a congruous part of that particular system; and quite idle to talk, as Mr. C. afterwards proceeds to do, of the mode observed by the Greeks in their temples, there being no affinity of character between the two species of edifices. It would have been far more to the purpose to have animadverted upon those faults which are not inherent in the system itself, such as the want of elegance in the profiles and details, the meagreness of the architraves, and the ugly convex or pulvinated frieze given to the Ionic order. With regard too to the general design for the palace, there are many particulars which we by no means consider beauties, one of which is the

Jones's buildings, since he certainly sees *more* than any body else can,—and that not in his reveries, but while standing wide awake and in broad day, at the Horse Guards!

number of stories. So far is this circumstance from contributing any thing to the grandeur and magnificence we look for in a royal residence, that it rather suggests the idea of the interior consisting of merely moderate-sized chambers piled up one above the other, instead of being distributed into lofty saloons and halls befitting a palace.

With regard to the circular court which has found so many admirers, picturesque and elegant as is the general idea of that portion of the design, the Caryatic figures are exceedingly awkward in themselves, while their preposterous size makes the other orders and the rest of the architecture appear diminutive: neither do we approve of statue-columns and statues being introduced into the same design, as we here find them, although in this case it may be said that the figures on the summit of the building tend to correct the fault we have just objected to, by serving as a general scale. Jones appears to have greatly affected rows of statues on the upper line of his elevations; which is, perhaps, the least eligible situation that can be selected for such ornaments, because the height at which they are placed causes them to appear greatly foreshortened, and prevents their being distinctly seen: as applied by him and many of the Italian architects, they too much resemble so many pinnacles—excrescences rather than embellishments, while the profusion of them considerably lessens their value. In his design for the Corinthian portico which he added to old St. Paul's, Jones introduced a pedestal and statue over every column in front: in his Italianized façades such a license was at least in character with the rest; but here, where he affected to imitate the antique style, it became an offensive anomaly, and totally destroyed that simplicity of outline which is not the least of its beauties. It is generally admitted that this portico, or, as it ought more properly to be termed, colonnade, was an isolated feature having no connection whatever with the building to which it was attached:—for what then, we ask, is its author entitled to the praise that has been lavished on it? There is nothing whatever in the thing itself, that exhibits the slightest degree of invention or originality—nothing of what we understand by composition, and as little of that refined taste and felicity of application which confer new graces on the most hackneyed architectural forms. Of Jones's taste in interior architecture, his friendly biographer is discreet enough to say nothing; and for a specimen of it, it may be sufficient to refer here to the staircase at Ashburnham-house, in Dean's-yard, Westminster, which may be easily examined, both a section and view of it being given in Britton's *Public Buildings of London*. We are there informed that Mr. Soane thinks highly of it, and that it de-

serves the study of the architect: it is undoubtedly curious enough—almost unique. In the ceiling is an elliptical cupola supported by “twelve columns,” which undoubtedly sounds grandly enough in description, until we know that these columns are only between four and five feet high, or very little more than the height of their pedestals; that these tiny things are tripled, or placed so as to form four distinct groups or trios; and,—hear this Mr. Cunningham, and shudder at what you yourself elsewhere declare to be altogether “intolerable in architecture,”—that this colonnade, or whatever else we choose to term it, rests only upon a ponderous hanging cornice in the general ceiling of the staircase! Of the other beauties it is impossible to convey any idea to our readers.

A further review of Jones's buildings would not greatly increase the quantum of praise we can bestow upon him; we must therefore pass them by, leaving those who, postponing their taste to their patriotism, deem it incumbent upon them to venerate the English Vitruvius, to put implicit faith in the more orthodox criticism of Mr. Cunningham; and merely remarking that they who can relish such architecture as Lyndsay-house, Surgeons'-hall, and Shaftesbury-house, must possess a truly enviable appetite. That the architecture of Inigo Jones should have been admired by his contemporaries, and cried up as wonderful; or that it should have thrown such critics as Ralph into ecstasies, excites in us no surprise; but it is absolutely astonishing that we should now be called upon not merely to excuse it, but to applaud.—Our remarks have already so much exceeded the limits we at first contemplated, that we must now condense our criticism, and speak far more briefly than we could wish, of the other architects.

Of Wren, who is the next in succession, so much has been written, in one shape or other, that we could not expect his biographer would give us any new information. He has not however considered it incumbent upon him to admire all Sir Christopher's compositions, for he takes the liberty of censuring his Epistle to the Elector Palatine as a “piece of puerile pedantry,” though Elmes, in the excess of his veneration, pretends to discover in it “all the freshness of youthful enthusiasm.” Were Mr. Cunningham as good a judge of architectural as of literary style, he would perhaps have exhibited equal intrepidity and discrimination in appreciating his professional abilities; but as he does not choose to venture very much beyond his depth, he has adhered to the safer course, of either quoting or reshaping the opinions of others, which have been so frequently repeated, that, in one sense at least, they may be said to be confirmed. Now, we sincerely ad-

mire St. Paul's, and our admiration will, perhaps, be deemed no inconsiderable homage to its excellencies, seeing that we are not particularly addicted to give away our praise,—nevertheless, we are so far from acquiescing in the commendations generally bestowed on Wren's other works, that he would stand far higher in our estimation as the author of that single fabric alone, than he now does, when we are obliged to consider him as the architect of so many other buildings, which operate as drawbacks upon his fame. With the exception of what he did at Greenwich Hospital, there is nothing else by him that in any degree approaches his cathedral. We admire neither his churches nor his steeples; on the contrary, when we look at the latter, we think they exhibit a very "fantastical and licentious mode of building," and wonder how Sir Christopher could have the conscience to utter a word to the disparagement of Gothic architecture. From this sweeping censure we cannot except St. Stephen's, Walbrook\*, where there is just that degree of beauty which makes us feel how miserably it is marred, and that degree of pretension which increases our disappointment. In the interior of this church, an Italian cupola and columns appear to have fallen into a Quaker's meeting-house, to whose naked walls and little stable-like windows they present a ludicrous contrast. We say "appear to have fallen into," because, in fact, neither the cupola nor the columns seem in any degree to accord with the plan; the former is neither exactly in the centre of the area, nor does it belong to a distinct portion, but is just a little removed from the centre, as if by some

\* We will quote here, by way of curiosity, M. Quatremère de Quincy's description of this building:—whence he obtained it, we do not know; but he certainly could not have seen even any designs of it, although they are common enough. "*Celle de Saint Etienne se fait remarquer par l'elegance de sa nef, à deux etages de colonnes et de pilastres d'ordre Corinthien, qui portent une voute. La nef est accompagnée de bas côtés. Il y a une croisée, au centre de laquelle s'élève une petite coupole, &c.*" Such astonishingly gross inaccuracy is hardly to be paralleled, except by the entertaining blunders in a recent publication which would persuade us that the New Post Office is of the Doric order, and that the portico of Covent Garden Theatre is taken from the temple of Minerva Polias at Athens! The French critic, whose work, by the by, has been extolled as an exceedingly valuable one of its class, has certainly given us some original information, when he tells us that there are *two tiers of columns*, and a *transept* in St. Stephen's; there being as little appearance of the latter as of the former. Neither do we understand wherefore he should term the dome "*small*," since in proportion to the building it is quite the reverse. When we detect such intolerably gross mistakes, we can trust the writer only where we ourselves can verify his reports, as he may be equally incorrect in his descriptions of the buildings with which we are unacquainted.

accident; while the arrangement of the columns and entablatures seems to have been equally the effect of chance; or, at least, they appear to have been an after-thought of the architect's, and introduced by him when the walls were already built, and the whole work too far advanced to admit of the parts being better combined. This want of connection might have been considerably remedied by placing pilasters to support the extremities of the architraves, which would to a great degree have given that finish and completeness to the design in which it is now so obviously deficient. On St. Paul's, on the contrary, we can bestow almost unqualified approbation, so very far do its numerous beauties exceed the few imperfections that may be objected to it. Its defects are those of its style and period, but its excellencies are its own. A certain nobleness of conception and greatness of manner prevail throughout, redeeming its blemishes and almost overpowering all criticism. There is a gracefulness in the cupola and fine Corinthian peristyle forming its tambour, that may be pronounced truly classical: the latter too is most happily managed, its contour being preserved unbroken, while the piers placed within the colonnade itself, produce an agreeable diversity of plan, of form, and of light and shade, without cutting up the general outline, or interrupting that continuity so essential to simplicity and repose. If we except the circumstance of the building being divided into two orders, the coupled columns of the two loggias of the west front have been more objected to than anything else in the exterior; yet, in our opinion, rather hypercritically. Granting that a similar arrangement of columns would undoubtedly be a solecism in the Grecian style, it can hardly be alleged as one in a structure where it harmonizes so well with the rest, particularly as the motives for adopting it are sufficiently obvious to reconcile us to it; for even had not the width of the large door and window required such an extent of intercolumn, and consequently the columns themselves to be placed in pairs, still a conformity with the rest of the front and with the other elevations, where the space necessary for the windows rendered wide intercolumns and coupled pilasters inevitable, would have recommended it as the lesser of two evils. It is true the columns of the two semicircular porticoes, and of the peristyle of the cupola, are not paired, but then the difference of the plan in those parts allowed of that variation without affecting the ordonnance which prevails elsewhere: in this particular therefore justice has not been done to the architect. The two semicircular porticoes just mentioned are in a very superior taste, so much so indeed that it is difficult for us to persuade ourselves that such miserable pieces of deformity as Temple

Bar, the quondam College of Physicians, &c. could have been the productions of the same mind.

The life of Sir John Vanbrugh has been treated sufficiently *con amore* by his present biographer, who considers him quite as much in his character of dramatist as in that of architect, actually favouring us with a scene from his "Confederacy." He is, however, more lenient towards his architectural licenses, than his scenic licentiousness, which he very properly reprobates. With such authority in favour of Vanbrugh's talents as an architect, as the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Cunningham probably conceived himself quite secure from criticism, and has accordingly extolled his buildings in the most unqualified manner. We do not deny that they are picturesque; but then, picturesqueness is but a single quality, and one too that is compatible with extremely glaring deficiencies in other respects, and with almost unpardonable faults. It would be no easy matter, even had we space here for such an attempt, to enter into a critical examination of a style so completely *sui generis* as that of Sir John. The heaviness, or rather the clumsiness and coarseness of detail render it impossible to dwell with pleasure on the individual features of his compositions, even where we admit the general combination to be piquant. Hence his manner is exclusively adapted to extensive piles of building, such as Blenheim, where the effect of the various masses of the structure is of more importance than the beauty of the separate parts; and rather for a general view than for minute inspection. Applied on a smaller scale, Vanbrugh's style becomes intolerably grotesque, and every one of its defects is exaggerated into hideousness. Its *branny muscularity*, if we may so express ourselves, renders it as unsuitable to the character of a moderate-sized residence, as a Hercules to serve as a model for a Cupid. No one can look at the designs of Eastbury in the 'Vitruvius Britannicus,' and feel any regret that the building no longer exists; or be able to discover in it one particle of that poetic composition which his biographer claims for him.

If, however, we demur to the estimate which Mr. Cunningham has formed of Vanbrugh's talents, still less can we accede to his demands upon our faith in favour of James Gibbs, whose nativity, we suspect, has had some influence in the matter, as Scotland claims the honour of his birth,—an honour we certainly do not begrudge her. Those critics, and they are not a few, who write by book, are at no loss what to say of St. Martin's Church, which they accordingly laud as a wonderfully fine piece of architecture. Now considering the portico in itself, that is, the columns only, we admit it to be all very well; yet if we are to



include the doors, windows, and pannels in the wall within it, we must then pronounce it a mere piece of patchwork; and certainly we cannot avoid seeing them between the columns. The portico is a mere imitation; the church is Gibbs's own; whatever merit therefore can be claimed for him on account of the former, can arise solely from the propriety evinced in its application, and for the taste with which his part of the structure was combined with the rest. Yet oil and water coalesce together more readily than do Gibbs's own uncouth style and the architecture of the Roman Pantheon. He has befringed his building with Corinthian columns, but he has no more made it Corinthian than he could have altered the texture of a piece of drugget by stitching to it a piece of velvet. On the contrary, he has evinced how insensible he was to the beauties of what he copied, by the hideousness with which he has contrived to mar it. Mr. C. twaddles most insufferably upon this church, telling us that "in this land architecture, at the best, is only successful imitation;" granting which, he ought to have shown that Gibbs when left to his own resources, could supply for the other parts of his structure such forms, as by corresponding with the character of the order would form one consistent whole; instead of by bringing into contact the most antithetical styles. His church in the Strand, with which, by the by, Mr. Cunningham does not express himself quite satisfied, is at least less offensive by being uniformly bad,—and so execrably bad, too, as to be beneath all criticism: it is not, however, entirely without its use, as it may serve as a warning monument of the most perverted taste. It has not, however, operated as a warning to Mr. Cunningham, for in defiance of all that it says to the contrary, he daringly asserts that "*beauty*, durability, and use, the three chief excellencies in architecture, were well understood by Gibbs!" He also assures us that "Gibbs and Vanbrugh have risen quietly into the places of which the malice of criticism had too long defrauded them."

No! Mr. Allan Cunningham, even we, the most patient and long-suffering of critics, cannot endure this: you might almost as well tell us, that it is now the fashion again to read *Atalantis*, or that at your express recommendation Mr. Murray is about to reprint it in the *Family Library*. No, before Gibbs can be again admired, *il faut demoralizer tout*,—we must forget all that the last half-century has taught us. When the antiquities of Athens and Ionia shall be converted into waste paper; when the classic designs of a Hope and a Percier shall be laid aside for those of Sheraton; and above all, when any modern architect shall have sufficient intrepidity to take Gibbs for his model,

then, and not till then, can we credit anything so monstrous. Yet such is the critical doctrine which in this thirty-first year of the nineteenth century, Mr. Allan Cunningham ventures to put forth; and what renders his offence so much the worse is, that he has delivered his sentiments in a work extensively circulated, and intended chiefly for young persons and for novices in the art, whose taste will thus be corrupted and vitiated at its very source.

The next article in the volume is written not only in a less fulsome, but even severe tone. The eulogist of Gibbs allots but a very scanty modicum of praise to Kent, who, contemptible as he may have been as a painter, gave a vogue to, if he did not originally introduce our modern system of gardening; and who in that most complete and beautiful mansion, *Holkham-house*, has given us a specimen of domestic architecture that almost to the present day remains unrivalled. Yet the writer who can admire the hybrid and bungling designs of Gibbs, speaks very coldly indeed of that edifice, which Arthur Young has commended as a master-piece for convenience, and whose taste Mr. Gwilt thinks has not been improved upon by our subsequent study of Greek models. "Little interest," says Mr. Cunningham, "attaches to a controversy about *such* a design: it is heavy and monotonous, and stamped with all the faults, which were many, and all the beauties, which were few, of him who proudly wrote himself painter, sculptor, and architect." It is really amusing to hear the professed admirer of Vanbrugh and Gibbs objecting to *heaviness*; more especially as that is one of the last faults that can be imputed to *Holkham*. We are willing to believe, however, that he never saw the house, and that if he has looked at the published designs, he has never studied them. Nor is it at all to the discredit of William Kent that he has escaped praise from that pen which could write a panegyric upon James Gibbs.

Of the Earl of Burlington neither we nor Mr. Cunningham entertain any very high opinion: he was too servile a copyist of Palladio to satisfy us, too little an admirer of Vanbrugh to please him. So far perhaps he is tolerably consistent; but he is not quite so consistent when he says that *Chiswick-house* should have been in a more massive style, after having a few pages before censured *Holkham* for its heaviness, the two buildings being in fact pretty much on a par with regard to their general air and style. He also speaks of the octagonal saloon as being adorned with columns, but we recollect none except the small columns to the doorways; and if therefore he means no more than those, the vagueness of his expression is apt to convey a very erroneous idea.

The life of Sir W. Chambers contains very little more than what is to be found in those by his two recent biographers; unless indeed we except the contents of his well-known treatise on Civil Architecture, which Mr. Cunningham has kindly inserted. We shall not, however, quote them, but give his own opinion on Sir William's style: "He had more than Inigo Jones's admiration of rustic work; and his passion for a multiplicity of little parts was quite peculiar. That massive breadth so much required in all works that are proposed to endure, admits not of many minor graces; and the airy and graceful Corinthian refuses to harmonize with frosted pilasters and rusticated columns. The structure (Somerset House) it is true, is as yet but a fragment; but even making ample allowance for this, there are errors in its detail which nothing can remove. On the side next the Thames a portico stands on the summit of a semicircular arch, the bases of two out of four of its columns resting on the hollow part, and giving an appearance of insecurity altogether intolerable in architecture."

Now, verily, this is exactly such criticism as our grandame would write; neither is it altogether kind in Mr. Cunningham to upbraid poor Sir W. for his "passion for a multiplicity of little parts," when he himself lauds such mince-meat architecture as is exhibited in Inigo's designs for the palace at Whitehall. Then again as to massive breadth being incompatible with many minor graces, it is such absolute fudge that we really wonder how a gentleman who, we suppose, understands something of Grecian architecture, can prevail upon himself to commit it to paper. Did not the ancients contrive to reconcile a great many minor graces with "that massive breadth which is so requisite &c. &c."? Then, too, to object to rustic work and rusticated columns,—you, Mr. Allan Cunningham, the admirer of Gibbs,—the venerator of Vanbrugh! What! have you already forgotten the piled-cheese columns of the latter, or the bits of rustic introduced with such exquisite taste and propriety around the windows of St. Martin's church, that superlative specimen of the "airy and graceful Corinthian"? Surely you must be demented when you cavil against the architect of Somerset House for having fallen a little into that taste in which your favourites indulged so extravagantly. We will say nothing of your terming the building "as yet but a *fragment*," although people more captious than ourselves might observe that it is not much unlike styling a person with but one leg, a fragment of a man. What we far more object to, is the sensitive hypercriticism that objects to placing columns over an arch, which you are pleased to assure us gives an appearance of insecurity altogether intolerable in architecture. Have you then never seen a Palladian bridge,

or are you not aware that Mr. Soane himself, to whom you have dedicated this very volume, has introduced columns similarly placed, in a design made by him for a grand triumphal bridge? You will tell us, perhaps, that it is contrary to the grammar of the art, to place a column or any other solid over a void, even although that void should be an arch, and fully capable of sustaining not a few columns merely, especially "airy Corinthian" ones, but even a solid wall; you will still contend that there is an appearance of insecurity, even while we are satisfied that there is none, but, on the contrary, the firm sweeping arch seems to bear buoyantly the light colonnade above. As a general principle it is a very good maxim to tell the student that he must place voids over voids, and solids over solids; just as in teaching children to draw, we tell them to oppose a shadow to every light: but to insist upon it as a rule which is to give way to no circumstances or considerations, is little less than absurd. If it be a fundamental principle of the art, it must hold good in every style of it, in Gothic as well as in Grecian; or will you pretend to say that we never observe in the former that appearance of insecurity which you so decidedly pronounce to be "intolerable in architecture"? What think you, by way of one example out of a thousand, of the front of the Ducal Palace at Venice, where an almost unbroken mass of ponderous wall is supported by a number of small columns and arches extending along its whole base? Legrand, a critic of a very different stamp from yourself certainly, expressly quotes that very edifice in refutation of such opinions as those you would establish when you assert all appearance of insecurity to be intolerable. We, however, flatly deny that there is any such appearance, unless a thing that we know to be secure, feel to be secure, and which seems to be secure, can be said to have the appearance of being the contrary.

After what Mr. C. has said, of course we must suppose he never ventures under a chandelier suspended from a ceiling, or to pass through the centre archway of Temple Bar. We leave him, however, to extricate himself from the dilemma.

We are by no means greatly prepossessed either in favour of Chambers's style in general, or that of Somerset House in particular; nevertheless we admit the latter to be a very good specimen of a reformed and purified Italian, and to exhibit considerable taste; while so far from coinciding with his critic, with regard to the large open arches and loggias, we consider them to be almost the only grand and picturesque features of the Thames front; we must be understood, however, to say nothing in behalf of the ugly shield and trumpery sprawling festoon above the arches.

Our critic, also, as we have seen, is not a little scandalized at the intermixture of frosted pilasters and rusticated columns with the airy and graceful Corinthian; we do not, however, know to what he exactly alludes, there being no such pilasters or columns in any of the fronts of Somerset House, although they certainly may be found in the terrace that supports the water-front. Yet there they certainly do not interfere with the superstructure; neither can Mr. C. reasonably object to them, since he himself has elsewhere told us that that style should be expressly reserved for similar situations. If, on the contrary, he means—for really it is not very evident what he does mean—that the rusticated surfaces of wall between the different Corinthian pavilions do not harmonize with that order, we can only say that the ancients thought very differently, as may be seen by the Temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens, and by that of Antoninus at Rome;—to say nothing of St. Paul's cathedral. But we are assured that rustic work can “look elegant nowhere;” and he declares it to be “only fit for gathering filth.” To say the truth, Mr. C. is a particularly nice critic, since he has in another place protested against the deformity of buildings “blackened by coal smut.” Every one knows that our climate is not particularly favourable to the surface of buildings, nor the smoky atmosphere of London to the native tint of stone; yet unless our admirer of architecture would recommend us to content ourselves with the mere “hole-in-the-wall system,” or can devise some “picturesque” style of his own, in which there shall not be a single moulding on which impurity can lodge, we must, we fear, be content to submit to an inconvenience which it is impossible to obviate so long as we continue to build chimneys and burn fires. He is of opinion, indeed, that our ancient architects had the good sense and skill to find a remedy by “fashioning their projections to meet the rigours of our winters and springs,” “while over the cornices of their classic successors the rain blackened by coal smut descends in inky streams.” As, however, Mr. C. has not explained how copings, string-courses, and similar members protect walls better than boldly projecting cornices, we are unable to interpret or even guess at his meaning\*. We apprehend, too, that he will find the tracery of Gothic windows, niches, panels and fret-

\* If he merely means that the parapet or coping employed in the Gothic style intercepts the rain-water in its descent from the roof, and thereby prevents its running down the face of the building, he must admit that the same purpose is as effectually accomplished by the blocking course; for our cornices do not form sloping eaves, as was the case in the sides of the ancient Greek temple. The “inky streams,” therefore, flow only from the writer's imagination.

work, to be as well calculated for gathering "filth," as rusticated courses of stone; for "snow, sleet, rain, and smoke" are not quite so discriminating as himself, and accordingly treat Gothic and Grecian in the same uncereemonious manner.

After all, he appears greatly to exaggerate the evil he so poetically deploras, and to have charged his colouring for the sake of effect: we ourselves, at least, have never felt any material drawback upon the satisfaction we experience while we gaze at a fine piece of architecture, from those impurities that shock his nicer and more delicate organs. Although smoke and rain discolour the surface, grace, symmetry, proportion—all that constitutes the soul of architecture—remain unimpaired. Can it, then, be—our very pen trembles as it records the horrible suspicion that darts upon our mind—can it be that the biographer of our painters, sculptors and architects, a poet, a connoisseur and critic—how shall we proceed?—can it indeed be possible that Mr. Allan Cunningham looks upon the splendid creations of architecture with the eyes of—an old WASHER-WOMAN! Or does he really think, at the bottom of his soul, that a pretty *bran-new* church is to be preferred to the dingy beauties of the immortal Gibbs? Now out upon such squeamish, dainty criticism! and upon remarks hardly endurable in Her ancient Majesty of Soap-suds, and almost beneath the taste of a milliner's apprentice!—After this we should not be surprised at learning that Mr. Cunningham had proposed to polish up the Elgin marbles.

But all banter and ridicule apart, we are really sorry to meet in a work from which so many are likely to derive their opinions, and which considered merely as a literary performance is entitled to very considerable praise for the pleasing tone of the narrative, and its occasionally sparkling style,—such partial and narrow views of the subject of which it treats, such inaccuracies, fallacies, and absurdities, with so much slip-slop criticism. As Mr. Cunningham, however, has not so entirely exhausted the lives of our British architects as to leave no room for another biographical work, even of contemporary date, we hope that some other writer may at one time or other be induced to engage in such an undertaking, and supply what still continues to be a desideratum in our literature, and in the history of British Art.

## DOGMAS ON ART.—No. I.

### FINISH IN PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

HOWEVER inferior a branch of Fine Art Portrait-painting may be deemed, it is at least a prominent and important one; and is also susceptible of the highest excellencies of style, and of the most refined intellectual feeling. The greatest painters have painted the finest portraits; and it is somewhat inconsistent that a branch of the profession which is practised by so great a number of artists, should be considered somewhat in the light of a degradation by a few, and be *condescended* to even by many of those who exercise it. The only reason for this appears to be, that because portrait-painting is resorted to as a means of livelihood by many incompetent persons who had better seek some other employment, it is supposed that all those who paint portraits must of necessity exercise this part of their profession in the *spirit* of trade. That this is too much the case is so evident, that it would be affectation to doubt the fact: we can only lament and protest against the practice. It is not, however, painting portraits that degrades the artist, but the artist who degrades portrait-painting. As it is generally exercised it is little more than painting still life, except that portraits are not so well painted as pots and pans, or fish and game. Ignoble objects are of no value pictorially, but as they serve to display the perfection of imitation and mechanical skill, neatness of finish, and accuracy of detail. Hence the disrepute into which finish has fallen; and hence, we presume, the absence of this quality in portraits. Now if minuteness and accuracy of delineation, and truth of resemblance be necessary to a picture of an interior, or of animals, fruit, flowers, &c., how much more in portraying the "human face divine"! It is true that in the finish of such subjects consists their only value: but it is not therefore to be argued that in proportion to the value of the object should be the crudity of the painting. No, finish is *confined* to such subjects; because they would be uninteresting but for that; but it is no reason why objects of higher interest should be slovened over. It is not uncommon to see the accessories of a picture highly finished, and the figures, &c. left sketchy; or the dress elaborately wrought, and the face and hands ill defined and indistinct. This reversing of an obvious principle of Art serves to show the injurious effect of a practice, which imperfect knowledge and disinclination to labour combine to perpetuate.

We must not be understood as being the advocates of minutely



finished paintings merely as such; but we do contend that a due degree, and, in comparison with the general style of portrait-painting, a high degree of finish is necessary to produce a fine portrait. There may be fine "sketches" and "studies," and masterly pictures, without finish; but a really fine and true resemblance not only deserves but requires to be as near perfection as art can render it. We will define the meaning and extent of what we term "finish," by referring as a standard to the portrait of *Gevartius* by Vandyke, in our National Gallery. The beauty of the art, and the truth of nature in that perfect picture, go hand in hand. As much is shown as is requisite to possess the spectator with the physiognomical character of the individual, the quality of the expression, and the prevailing tone of mind. The eye glistens, the lips are moist, the forehead thinks, the flesh glows with the warm current of life; the individual is before you in all but the vividness of actual being. The purity of colouring, the boldness and purpose of the handling, the accurate discrimination of the different parts, and the consummate skill and intellectual feeling displayed in the production of the whole, proclaim it a master-piece of art, worthy not only of admiration, but of imitation. If a young artist were to confine his study to this one picture alone, we should be under no apprehension of his falling into mannerism. It is the perfection of art by virtue of the truth and identity of its imitation of nature. This is in our mind the *beau ideal* of a true style of portrait-painting. Not that we would be misunderstood to represent this as an example of perfection, to the exclusion of all others: there are many other portraits that would equally well serve as an illustration of our argument, and an example to the artist. We mention this in particular, because it is well known and justly celebrated, and has never been excepted to by any party; and also because it is in a place where it may be seen at all times, and studied and referred to by every one. There are indeed few pictures and still fewer artists, that it is safe for a student to imitate; the excellences of many may be emulated, the principles of most be studied: but to imitate is to limit the energies, to hoodwink the perceptions, and to subdue the aspirations of genius to a lower standard than that of truth and nature. The artist is the imitator of nature, and he gleans his materials and the skill to use them, from the school of art. But as Sir Joshua said, "he who follows another can never get before."

There are many styles of imitating nature, some of which seem to treat the thing to be imitated as a mere lay-figure for their devices, and to show off their artifice; while others slavishly copy the model with ignorant and indiscriminating exactitude; not only particularizing, but

exaggerating the peculiarities of the original in their dry, petite, and hard fac-similes; thus losing the spirit and general resemblance of the whole by the undue prominence of insignificant parts. On the other hand, the practice of *generalizing* has been extended into a system by means of the precepts of the greatest of English portrait-painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds; and the weight of his name has given authority to a theory plausible and dangerous, because it includes both truth and error; the truth consisting in its reference to the end, the error in its application to the means. This point has been so ably discussed in one of the essays of the late Mr. Hazlitt, that we shall quote his argument, though at the risk of our crudities appearing to disadvantage beside the ripeness of his experience.

"Sir Joshua seems to have been led into his notions on this subject either by an ambiguity of terms, or by taking only one view of nature. He supposes grandeur, or the general effect of the whole, to consist in leaving out the particular details, because these details are sometimes found without any grandeur of effect, and he therefore conceives the two things to be irreconcilable and the alternatives of each other. This is very imperfect reasoning. If the mere leaving out the details constituted grandeur, any one could do this: the greatest dauber would at that rate be the greatest artist. A house- or sign-painter might instantly enter the lists with Michael Angelo, and might look down on the little, dry, hard manner of Raphael. But grandeur depends on a distinct principle of its own, not on a negation of the parts; and as it does not arise from their omission, so neither is it incompatible with their insertion or the highest finishing. In fact an artist may give the minute particulars of any object one by one, and with the utmost care, and totally neglect the proportions, arrangement, and general masses, on which the effect of the whole more immediately depends; or he may give the latter, viz. the proportions and arrangement of the larger parts and the general masses of light and shade, and leave all the minuter parts of which those parts are composed a mere blotch, one general smear, like the first crude and hasty getting in of the ground-work of a picture: he may do either of these, or he may combine both, that is, finish the parts, but put them in their right places, and keep them in due subordination to the general effect and massing of the whole. If the exclusion of the parts were necessary to the grandeur of the whole composition, if the more entire this exclusion, if the more like a *tabula rasa*, a vague, undefined, shadowy and abstracted representation the picture was, the greater the grandeur, there could be no danger of pushing this principle too far, and going the full length of Sir Joshua's theory without any restrictions or mental reservations. But neither of these suppositions is true. The greatest grandeur may coexist with the most perfect, nay, with a microscopic accuracy of detail, as we see it does often in nature: the greatest looseness and slovenliness of execution may be displayed without any grandeur at all, either in the outline or the distribution of the masses of colour. To explain more particularly what I mean: I have seen and copied portraits by Titian, in which the eyebrows were marked with a number of small strokes, like hair lines (indeed, the hairs of which they were composed were in a great measure given); but did this destroy the grandeur of expression,

the truth of outline, arising from the arrangement of these hair lines in a given form? The grandeur, the character, the expression remained, for the general form or arched and expanded outline remained, just as much as if it had been daubed in with a blacking-brush: the introduction of the internal parts and texture only added delicacy and truth to the general and striking effect of the whole. Surely a number of small dots or lines may be arranged into the form of a square or circle indiscriminately; the square or circle, that is, the larger figure, remains the same, whether the line of which it consists is broken or continuous; as we may see in prints, where the outlines, features, and masses remain the same in all the varieties of mezzotinto, dotted and line engraving. If Titian in marking the appearance of the hairs had deranged the general shape and contour of the eyebrows, he would have destroyed the look of nature; but as he did not, but kept both in view, he proportionately improved his copy of it. So in what regards the masses of light and shade, the variety, the delicate transparency, and broken transitions of the tints is not inconsistent with the greatest breadth or boldest contrasts. If the light, for instance, is thrown strongly on one side of a face, and the other is cast into deep shade, let the individual and various parts of the surface be finished with the most scrupulous exactness both in the drawing and in the colours; provided nature is not exceeded, this will not nor cannot destroy the force and harmony of the composition. One side of the face will still have that great and leading distinction of being seen in shadow, and the other in being seen in the light, let the subordinate differences be as many and as precise as they will. Suppose a panther is painted in the sun: will it be necessary to leave out the spots to produce breadth and the great style? or will not this be done more effectually by painting the spots of one side of his shaggy coat as they are seen in the light, and those of the other as they really appear in the natural shadow? the two masses are thus preserved completely, and no offence is done to truth and nature. Otherwise we resolve the distribution of light and shade into *local colouring*. The masses, the grandeur exist equally in external nature with the local differences of different colours. Yet Sir Joshua seems to argue that the grandeur, the effect of the whole object, is confined to the general idea in the mind, and that all the littleness and individuality is in nature. This is an essentially false view of the subject. This grandeur, this general effect, is indeed always combined with the details, or what our theoretical reasoner would designate as *littleness* in nature: and so it ought to be in art, as far as art can follow nature with prudence and profit. What is the fault of Denner's style? It is, that he does *not* give this combination of properties: that he gives only one view of nature; that he abstracts the details, the finishing, the curiosities of natural appearances from the general result, truth and character of the whole, and in finishing every part with elaborate care, totally loses sight of the more important and striking appearance of the object as it presents itself to us in nature. He gives every part of a face; but the shape, the expression, the light and shade of the whole is wrong, and as far as can be from what is natural. He gives an infinite variety of tints, but they are not the tints of the human face, nor are they subjected to any principle of light and shade. He is different from Rembrandt or Titian. The English School, formed on Sir Joshua's theory, give neither the finishing of the parts nor the effect of the whole, but an inexplicable dumb mass without distinction or

meaning. They do not do as Denner did, and think that not to do as he did is to do as Titian or Rembrandt did; I do not know whether they would take it as a compliment to be supposed to imitate nature. Some few artists, it must be said, have 'of late reformed this indifferently among us: Oh! let them reform it altogether!'—*Hazlitt's Table Talk*, 1st Series, vol. i. p. 314-319.

The fascinating influence of the example of Lawrence, superadded to the opinion and practice of Sir Joshua, both of them falling in with the natural inclination of artists to adopt the shortest and easiest method of attaining an end, tended to encourage a hasty and slovenly style of painting, which is prejudicial to the advancement of art. This practice is also so favourable to profit, by enabling the artist to paint numbers of pictures, and at the same time to enjoy leisure, that nothing but an opinion of the inferiority of this sketchy style, compared with definite making out and elaborate finishing, will ever abolish it. Yet without going further back than Lawrence, we have in his paintings an instance of the beneficial effects of finish in the *eyes* of his portraits, which even in his first sittings in oil and in his crayon sketches, were remarkable for living individuality of character and minute resemblance. It was this peculiarity which imparted truth to his portraits, and lent identity to his most flattered resemblances.

It is generally considered one of the most obvious and necessary duties of a portrait-painter to flatter, or at least to favour the sitter, and unquestionably it is one of the principles most generally practised and approved. But although most people like to see a comely reflection of their faces, we think truth would be preferred even to flattery. Without discussing this point, however, we consider the practice of flattering the sitter has been had recourse to as a refuge from exaggeration or caricature. For be it remembered, that to portray ordinary features and colourless flesh without expression, is greatly to the disadvantage of the portrait, and the infidelity would be detected by a vulgar eye: but give colour to the cheeks and a pleasing turn to the features, with a smirk to the mouth,—and the absence of the expression of the individual face is screened by an easy trick of art. Excellence in portrait-painting consists in truth of resemblance both of feature and expression, and is attainable only by accuracy of drawing and minute finish, with a due keeping of the whole, so as to produce the general effect of nature by similar means.

"The perfection of art consists in giving general appearances with individual details, not in giving general appearances without individual details." We shall endeavour to prove this by illustration. Did any

one ever attentively consider a human face, of the most ordinary description, without finding it an object of curious speculation or regard? We do not say that there are not some faces that we would rather not look at twice, and hundreds that we should scarcely care to see again: but the point we wish to establish is, that the human face *per se* is an object of interest; and that admitted, we shall not ask much when we require assent to the proposition, that a faithful representation of a human face, both by virtue of the fidelity of the imitation and the interest of the object, is ever to be admired; and that it is only where artifice or want of skill interferes between the original and the spectator, that it becomes absolutely uninteresting. But a faithful delineation of a face merely physically handsome, beautiful in form or colour, and much more of one which an amiable disposition renders more lovely, or where genius kindles the eye, and power or sensibility models the expression of the mouth,—becomes in the highest degree delightful; it rivets the eye, and enchains the mind to the resemblance like a spell: at least so it has appeared to us. It is only crude, distorted, half-finished, ill-understood, or over-flattered portraits that satiate the eye quickly: and wherever the artist has given character, or has shown that he understood the mind he would have portrayed, a portrait attracts us, even though we know nothing of the original. But when we recognise a friend or acquaintance, the feeling takes a different turn, and it ceases to please as a picture if it be not true as a portrait. It is not every resemblance giving a decided impression, a definite idea of a person, that should on that account be considered a likeness: on the contrary, it may be, as a portrait, more wrong than one being an approximation to the individual character, without conveying a clear and distinct impression. There are portraits also vulgarly like, because merely physically so, and that in the lowest and most obvious point of view. But these exceptions serve to prove not to vitiate the principle that we seek to establish, viz. that the most exact copy of the face approaches nearest to the truth of nature, and that finish and detail assist the corporeal resemblance and also the mental expression. In proof of this argument, we need only instance the portraits by the great masters. Each of them is in itself a work of the highest, most refined art. The subtilty of Da Vinci, the intellectuality of Raphael, the grandeur of Giorgione, the intensity of Titian, the identity of Rembrandt, the individuality of Holbein, the decision of Velasquez, the refinement of Vandyke, the frankness of Rubens, the nature of Reynolds,—would not characterize their portraits so remarkably had they less of finish. The general idea spoken of by Sir Joshua may furnish a decided and correct

impression of the man as he might appear at a first glance, but it will not place the individual permanently before you; the face being the mirror of the mind as well as of the disposition. In the *generalized* portrait, as in a sketch, you have conveyed that first impression which a countenance singular or otherwise leaves upon the mind of the acute observer: but in the elaborate pictures of which we have spoken, not only the face and features, complexion and look, but the complete expression and development of character belonging to the individual physiognomy is stamped upon the canvass for ever. An evanescent humour or a permanent characteristic is alike fixed; and the influence of the mind pervades the countenance, makes the mouth breathe the eloquence of thought, and the eyes reveal the secret soul within. How clearly the way in which this sublime point is attained is shown in the progress of the picture, from the first rough sketch and the dead colouring, through all the successive tones of colour and degrees of finish, until the blood is seen to tinge the cheek, the blue veins to meander through the warm flesh, the ruddy lips to glisten with moisture, the eyes to sparkle with the intelligence of life, penetrating the spectator with the stern glance, or ranging in their well-opened orbits with the conscious languor of repose. If in Titian, Rembrandt, and Vandyke, we can sometimes almost count each particular hair of the head and face, do we not also trace, as in a map, the lines of the countenance, the furrows of care, the tracks of pain or disease? Do we not admire, on the pulpy cheek, the bloom of health; and do not our eyes grow dim with contemplating the settled calm and paleness of the visage which thought and study has blanched, or the contracted brow and compressed lips which conceal the emotions of the soul? And can we suppose that such expression is to be attained by a merely general resemblance? Sir Joshua undoubtedly meant to inculcate the necessity of giving breadth to the painting, and to discourage a literal and hard minuteness, which is destructive of the truth it appears to seek. But his precepts have been put in force with too narrow an interpretation, and have produced results quite at variance with the effects of his practice. Sir Joshua made breadth subservient to truth and productive of grandeur; but with his imitators it has degenerated into indecision and vague emptiness. In his finest portraits, Reynolds has rivalled the productions of the old masters. He knew his own want of power in drawing, and his genius led him to adopt a system which enabled him to achieve the highest excellence; in the attempt to follow which, a host of his followers have been bewildered. Even in the portraits by Sir Joshua of men of high intellect, the mind is dimly reflected on his canvass, being

obscured by the too filmy medium of generalization. In portraits of ordinary characters, his style becomes the subject well : physical expression is appropriately softened into abstraction ; is exalted by being qualified by the shadowy and indeterminate ; and receives an acquisition from a share of the painter's style and manner. A union of general fidelity, and a style of simplicity, elegance or grandeur, as either might suit the quality of the face, person, or station, left nothing to be desired : and in females also, this generalizing was favourable to beauty, by affording the painter opportunities of reducing the real defects, and giving an indeterminate distant *tout-ensemble*, instead of the matter-of-fact reality. Indeed, Sir Joshua has left us more delightful pictures of true simplicity, unaffected beauty, and amiable sweetness, in his female portraits, than any other painter.

Lawrence had recourse to conventional grace and elegance blended with ease, and was faithful in the likeness of the features, while he flattered in the expression and air, or in some cases substituted *his* manner for that of the original. His women are insipid, yet fascinating ; their meretricious attractions keeping out of sight the defects of form, and, like the airs and graces of a pleasing actress, neutralizing the beauties as well as defects of their characteristic look. He reduced the characters of his male portraits, also, to the same standard ; giving their extrinsic and superficial appearance, which, when it veiled no originality of mind, or concentrated the salient points of character, produced a vivid personification of the man. But the more superficial the manner, the more truly he portrayed it ; the more mediocre the intellect, the more mind there appeared in his resemblance : the more genius and originality there was in the man, the less truth was there in his representation. But these deficiencies were the fault of his feeling, and would only have been partially atoned for by completeness of finish. His drawing was beautiful, because it was neat and graceful and finished ; and his painting was florescent in colour and airy in style, the manner of his portraits being supplied from the artificial elegance and courtliness of his own habits. These detracted from the integrity of the likeness of his portraits, as regarded the individual character and expression. Titian, Giorgione, and Vandyke, might, and doubtless did, modify defects of the features ; but the truth of their portraits, as regarded individual resemblance, was too strong to be sophisticated by refinement of style, and was not even merged in the subtilty of expression, whether of dignity or thought, which they lent to their portraits ; and even these we have no right to assume did not belong or were alien to the characters of the individuals represented : but, on the contrary, from



their consistency, and the analogy which they bear to the historical characters of the great men whose semblances they perpetuated, we are bound to infer, that those fine characteristics were not only appropriate but peculiar to the persons themselves.

By the term *finish*, as it has been used, we do not mean mere blending of tints, or a smoothness of surface: we neither wish to see a landscape mirrored in the light of the eye, nor an enamel-like surface on the picture; but by *finish*, we mean a delineation of the component parts of the face and head; of the exact form, colour and substance of the bone, flesh, and hair; of the lines of the face, and all the individual details, preserved in perfect keeping by the light and shade, and forming, as a whole, an identical representation, not only of the physical, but the moral and mental character of the person represented. And if the practice of painting such highly-finished portraits obtain, it will assuredly raise the value, not only of this branch of art, but of art generally; because it will excite higher admiration of the art itself in the minds of those who can appreciate art only as it succeeds in representing persons or things of which they can judge of the imitation; and because it will add minute accuracy of eye and hand to the artist, without diminishing the style of his drawing, cramping his hand, taming his genius, or dimming his perception of the beauties of nature. It will have the effect, in short, of superinducing accuracy and intellectuality of perception in painting portraits. Artists complain of the vulgar not understanding their mode of painting, and think the fault rests only with their ignorance: but let it be remembered, that Sir Joshua showed a deference to the judgement of the uninitiated, when he said, that where they thought a shadow looked like snuff, or a light like a white spot, he felt it was not true to nature. The painter, after all, paints for the many, who, though they may be indifferent critics of art, can judge by their own perceptions and feelings of the truth of the artist's imitation of nature. When the enlightened praise the style of a sketchy painting, and the skill of the artist, they do so by implication of the effect of such a picture when finished: and argue, "if the sketch be so fine, what will the picture be?"—deceptive reasoning, and unduly complimentary to the artist, who perhaps can do nothing more than indicate; not from want of ability, but of labour, perseverance, and study, beyond the commencement of a work. "*Labor ipse voluptas*," where it tends to enhance the success of the labour that has gone before. With what cheerful toil and devoted attention did the old masters elaborate their works! and what a thorough knowledge of their art, in all its subtleties and refinements, did they bring to their task! Spirit, dash, and bold-

ness, may for a moment attract the enthusiasm of the young student ; but when he finds that patient toil, perseverance, and purpose, must go to embody the precepts which he has learned, and the principles he has acquired in his studies of the theory and practice of art, he no longer seeks facility as an end, but as a means : and in place of dashing off a sketch, or hitting off a likeness, as the ultimatum of his art, he regards this cleverness as the threshold to perfection or eminence. Felicity in seizing the prominent characteristics, enables the artist to fix the outline of his subject with a living truth : it is the filling up of this outline, the embodying of this shadow, the clothing of this skeleton with flesh and blood, which is the work of pleasurable labour. To lay on a few bright colours that shall compose a gay and attractive picture, may satisfy those who look only to charm the vulgar eye, or to "put money in their purse ;" but the artist whose ambition urges him on to emulate nature in its truth and beauty, will avoid this dangerous skill, and look upon the fascinations of colour without being carried away by the contemplation of them. A graceful or dashing style of drawing may be acquired by a common mind, because it is only manual dexterity, the outward show of refinement, and becomes a mere fashion of art, like the dress, air or manner of a dandy ; and the trick of colour, merely as such, only amounts to the charms of a demi-rep, or the attractions of a coquette :—these are acquirements no more to be despised than wholly to be relied on ; but they are only means to an end, and not the only ones. That understanding and study which enlists these facilities into the service of the judgement, to aid the development of what the well-instructed eye sees correctly, will subdue the exhibition of these qualities to the purpose of the mind ; and they will be found when looked for, but not impertinently attract the attention, to the disparagement of higher and more substantial beauties. The accomplished artist who employs all his skill and understanding in the service of "Nature," pouring out his wealthy resources at the shrine of his goddess, sacrifices to a power that will secure him an immortality of fame,—and, what is of no little consequence, present reputation and profit. The best and greatest painters, especially of portraits, have always been the most eminent ; and where mediocrity or extrinsic merit has obtained the first place, it has only been because there has been no one superior to contest the palm of excellence. Fashion swells the train of Genius, directed by Taste, and led by the authority of Judgement, ever proud to follow in the wake of Greatness. There are quacks in all professions ; but those of art are soon exposed, and genius and integrity of skill have oftener enemies in their possessor than in the world.

W.

## ON LEGITIMATE CRITICISM.

If we were to judge merely by the number of persons eager to rush into the toils of authorship, we might fancy that there were two things in this world particularly easy to accomplish;—one being to write a book, and the other to review it. Whatever may be said as to the latter task, the former certainly has been sufficiently felt and denounced as an object seldom to be sought for the gratification of any one, would poor infatuated mortals but attend to the warning. “*Jam dente mordeor invido*”\* is the most favourable cry of every suffering author, from the time of Horace to our own: and a still older writer, in his deepest of sorrows, could but exclaim, “Oh! that mine adversary had written a book!” And yet in the days of the Man of Uz, though we know that a very familiar and formidable personage walked to and fro upon the earth, yet we have not heard that there then existed his brother of Edinburgh, or his cousin of the Quarterly, or his best-beloved of Westminster, going about seeking whom *they* might devour. If such existed, they were too good to be handed down to us, and are only to be considered as beacons, showing their modern imitators the probability of their future fate.

In later times, however, of which we *do* know something, it has been well ascertained, that there existed a division of labour in the several departments of author and critic; but it has been reserved for the present age to improve upon this system, and show that one person can perform (indifferently well) the offices of both. Thus in the Quarterly we distinguish the master hand of Dr. Southey, and in the Westminster that of another worthy, in the no doubt very impartial recommendation of their own works to the public; contriving thus, if they cannot profit as Authors, at least to come in at the other end of the line, and so pick up something as Reviewers. Their ingenuity certainly deserves a reward; and the whole system of puffing, so long as it is profitable, will no doubt flourish: but it remains yet to be seen whether that or the other extreme of unmeasured censure will tend most to the discredit of the ancient and honourable order of critics, and the frustration of those benefits of which their labours might otherwise be susceptible. Of course it is impossible to keep such publications out of the hands of booksellers; but it is also as impossible for an author or a friend to write with that justice of *his* work which the interests of literature require. So long then as this system exists, the judicious reader must look with considerable suspicion on every article in praise of any book proceeding from the same publisher's, or in disparagement of one

\* “I am gnawed by the tooth of Envy.”

from a rival establishment. But like other flagrant abuses, it is to be hoped that this one may in time prove its own remedy, and critics as well as statesmen some day or other learn to be honest.

The world of art, however, has been more fortunate in escaping from the contamination of such an unholy alliance, as people here have at least eyes to see, if they have not heads to think, or minds to form an original opinion. All the imaginable puffing which an artist may procure, though it may give him a temporary importance in the talk of the day, cannot possibly raise him one iota higher in art, or, eventually, in general estimation. His works must speak for themselves; and if undeserving of the praise they have received, the best thing for him to look to is silent neglect. He may fume as he pleases at what he may term the barbarism of the age, and denounce as well as deceive his creditors; but he must sooner or later find his eyes opened to the discovery, that he has conceived by far too high an opinion of his abilities, and that he must give up all thought of obtaining a place among the true ornaments of his age and country. But if unmerited praise cannot of itself exalt an artist above his proper sphere, we are convinced that the other extreme of unmerited censure may be productive of the most pernicious effects. A man of real though unacknowledged talent is for the most part also one of the keenest sensibility—too apt to think discouragingly of his own abilities, and too highly of the opinions of others. On him, therefore, the censures of the critic fall often with an effect which cannot be too much regretted; as he may thus be induced to abandon a pursuit or a style which might eventually have led to excellence, and take up another, in which he must be ever behindhand, because he is not original. Thus perhaps the chance remark of a scribbler at so much per line in a newspaper, who is all but ignorant of the subject on which he presumes to give an opinion or play off his wit, may deprive not only a deserving artist of the honours of his profession, but also deprive the world of many works of superior excellence\*.

Both these suppositions, which there can be little doubt of having frequently occurred, may however be represented as but the imaginary fears of a lover of art; but there is another respect in which we know that the interests of the artist, and consequently of art itself, have suffered mate-

\* We will here venture to observe, in corroboration of our correspondent's remarks, that a person who offered his services for this publication, and proposed to take the part of criticizing works of art, on being asked as to his qualifications, replied, that his wife's father was an artist in Dublin, where he had had the best opportunities, during the last seven years, of becoming acquainted with such matters! And yet this gentleman assured the Editor that he was already engaged upon this department in one of the periodicals of the day.—EDIT.

rially—in the baneful influence which such criticisms often have had on the mind of the purchaser. There are few patrons who feel so confident of their own judgements as to be altogether unbiassed in their purchases by the opinions given so confidently to the world. Even if they perceive the absurdity of the criticism, or if acknowledging certain defects in the picture, (and what human composition is there free from defects,) yet think that the merits far outbalance them in the scale, there are few who possess sufficient strength of mind to resist the current of opinion which has been made to set in against a particular production or a particular style; or if they do attempt it, they are still fewer who can oppose it with success. Thus a meritorious artist may unfortunately meet with neglect, when, if his genius had been properly encouraged, or his efforts properly directed, he might have been able to take his place among those who have best succeeded in obtaining the admiration of the world. These considerations will serve to show how extremely careful ought to be all writers on such subjects that their criticisms are founded in a just knowledge of the principles of art and taste. A great authority has laid down that no painter is qualified to be a good judge of the merit of pictures; and though we believe this assertion to be in a general point correct, yet we would oppose to it a still truer maxim—though coupled with the former it may seem a paradox,—that no man, not a painter, is qualified to be a critic on such works. One who sees a rival in every new production of art, or who sees in it an infringement on his own preconceived ideas of excellence, may undoubtedly be considered the most unfit to pronounce on its merits. Thus Hogarth was unanimously denied to be a painter by the artists of his day, and has been in a great measure disowned even by those of the present; while Martin in our own times has been exposed to the same fate, and appears only rescued from it by the force of public opinion. These instances then serve to prove the truth of the maxim how much all extremes resemble each other when prejudice can bring down the highly gifted in art to the level of ignorance, and render even their opinions necessary to be taken with suspicion.

Granting, however, that the criticisms referred to of modern paintings in our periodical publications to be written by persons of competent knowledge, it remains to be considered how far they are dependent on the taste of the individual for the reliance which ought to be placed on them. It does not come within the scope of this article to inquire into the principles of taste or the perceptions of beauty; it will be sufficient for us here to state the undeniable fact, that, as nothing whatever strikes two different persons in precisely the same manner, or conveys to them precisely the same ideas, so it is seldom

that of two different opinions, both can be equally deserving of regard. Our school-day exercises have well taught us that matters of taste do not admit of disputations, and our grown-up experience every day confirms the maxim. Hence we learn each in his line of life to pursue his own course undeterred by the taunts of the world, or suspicion of his own want of taste. In the arts alone we find patrons bowing to the opinions of others, and fearing to commit themselves in supporting what they may much approve, merely because it has had the misfortune to be not to the fancy of some one who, like the Caliph in *Vathek*, has set on foot that game of spurning which all the world must follow. Thus the fashion is set and the world is led, and the artist is judged, not by his own merits, but by the ideas of another.

The best way, however, of showing what sort of reliance ought to be placed on those oracles of the press, which favour the world with their judgements on works of art, is to *contrast* their opinions, which we will therefore proceed to do as briefly as possible, in a few instances, taken almost at random from the *Literary Gazette*, the *Athenæum*, the *Spectator*, and the *Morning Chronicle*, leaving "other little birds", as the last one says, "to peck unnoticed\*." It need scarcely be added, that the critics are pretty generally agreed about those painters who are best known and of established reputation.

No. 95. "Falstaff's Assignation with Mrs. Ford." (*Merry Wives of Windsor*).—G. Clint, A.R.A.

"Falstaff says, 'I am not only witty myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.' Of graphic wit the fat knight has undoubtedly been an abundant source, and the present is a very pleasing example of it. The interior of the apartment and the arrangement of the accessories are excellent, and we have no hesitation in saying that we consider this as one of the most successful works on the prolific subject."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Mr. Clint renders Shakespear too theatrically, but he paints with considerable power and breadth. The present is *decidedly inferior* to his usual attainments."—*Athenæum*.

"Mr. Clint's 'Falstaff and Mrs. Ford' is theatrical, not Shakspearian."—*Spectator*.

"Here we have the immortal scene undisfigured with the portraits of mortality. Mr. C. has yielded too much to the vice of coupling actors of the day with him who was for all time. We are pleased to see he has had the taste to escape from this limbo of vanity. He has performed his task very successfully, so much so as to reverse the *ut pictura poesis*. It is purchased by Mr. Vernon, which affirms our judgement."—*Morning Chronicle*.

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\* Perhaps it should be observed, that these have been chosen merely as containing the fullest criticisms on the Exhibition, and that the characteristic of the writer in the *Literary Gazette* is to show more regard for artists than for art, while that of the writer in the *Spectator* is to show more for art than for artists.

No. 229. "Teniers Painting the Temptation of St. Anthony."—A. Fraser.

"Here are two temptations—the temptation of St. Anthony, and a temptation to become the possessor of so fine a picture. If we were disposed to be hypercritical, we would say that the composition is rather too scattered; but in truth and richness of tone, facility of handling, and identity of style with that of the great Flemish painter, nothing can surpass this admirable performance."—*Literary Gazette*.

"An exceedingly clever picture, rich in colour, broad, harmonious, and the general effect admirable. It is equal to anything in the Flemish school. By the admirers of this class of works of art, this will be considered the star of the Exhibition."—*Athenæum*.

"A piece of uncommon merit, and altogether superior to himself. In still life it is perhaps mischievous to remind us so much of Teniers, but Mr. F. is very potent in these matters. As discretion is the better part of valour, it was wise in the combat with the figure to turn the back. It is on the whole the best production of his pencil, and more the best in the room."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"Clever as regards arrangement and the execution of the still life of the composition; but the figures are feeble and deficient in making out, and the female is insipid and scarcely pretty; her drapery too is crude, so that in the essentials the picture is disappointing."—*Spectator*.

No. 345. "Interior of a Picture Gallery, with Portraits."—P. C. Wonder.

"Why is this picture admitted and placed so conspicuously? All its interest is in the *portraits*, and (we call all who have seen them to witness) they are very indifferent."—*Athenæum*.

"Mr. Wonder's is elaborate but dull, and the peculiar style of his handling is too evident; it wants entireness of effect."—*Spectator*.

"Subjects of this kind are always attended with difficulty, and are generally deficient in that essential quality of art, effect. There is always a contention between the paintings and the living persons; and when, as in the present instance, those living persons are individuals of high rank and character, the evil is likely to be still greater. How could it be expected that the artist should keep Lord Farnborough in the back-ground, throw a half tint over Sir Robert Peel and the Hon. Agar Ellis, or involve Sir George Murray, Mr. Watson Taylor, and the Rev. Holwell Carr, in deep shadow? Under such circumstances, it would have required a *miracle* to insure success: as it is, however, the performance is a *wonder*."—*Literary Gazette*.

No. 215. "The Pedlar."—J. P. Knight.

"Perhaps Mr. Knight may have made this modern Autolycus too respectable in appearance, otherwise the characters are well discriminated. The execution is excellent."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Of the school of Wilkie, Knight is one of the most successful. The composition of this picture is good, and it is painted with great breadth and power."—*Athenæum*.

"Clever but sketchy, crude in colour and spotty in effect. It is however an amusing picture, and successful as regards character."—*Spectator*.

"By no means one of his best works taken as a whole. Why have we only one face for two girls? This is being worse off than the Siamese in a *capital* matter."—*Morning Chronicle*.



## No. 303. "Mercury playing Argus asleep."—B. R. Haydon.

"A masterly work, bearing many marks of the antique school, its severe beauties and Venetian tones. We are the last to deter artists from the pursuit of high art; we only quarrel with them in the 'manufactory of cottons and muslins'\*; but as things are, we are sure that Mr. Haydon would never again have to complain of fortune, if he devoted all his time to such works as the present."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"We fear that subjects of this class are very little in request at the present day; and that an artist, whatever may be his talents, would have a much better chance of encouragement and patronage, by employing those talents in painting a prize ox, rather than a classical cow. There is great skilfulness of composition and richness of colour, as well as a beautiful effect of sunlight, in this able performance."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Mr. Haydon's 'Mercury playing Argus asleep' is lamentable."—*Spectator*.

## "Beggars at Bologna," &amp;c.—Brockedon.

"Haydon, Hilton, and Brockedon, are three of the brave who have of late years made a struggle to inspire the country with a love of the noblest branch of Art—the Historical. Haydon, &c. &c.—Hilton, a man of great talent, is despondent, for he can sell none of his large pictures†; and Brockedon is obliged to give his away. So much for the judgment of British patronage in promoting the best interests and glory of the Fine Arts."—*Morning Chronicle*.

Neither the *Literary Gazette* nor the *Athenæum* notices this artist, while the *Spectator* observes briefly of him:

"Mr. Brockedon thinks it necessary to prove his incapability by attempting such subjects as 'Milton visiting Galileo in Prison', and 'Raphael introduced by his Father to the Duchess D'Urbino'."

## No. 183. "The Widow." No. 534. "The Chace."—C. Hancock.

"In this Chace Mr. Hancock runs Mr. Landseer very hard, and he must double his diligence to continue very much a-head. The back-ground is beautifully painted, and the incident excellently well imagined."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"The conception does as much credit to the mind and feelings of the artist as its execution does to the powers of his pencil."—*Literary Gazette*.

"This artist, whom we do not recollect meeting before, rivals E. Landseer in the fidelity of his painting of dogs; and in the latter of these pictures there is, in addition, colour and a poetic manner of treating a subject something beyond Landseer himself!"—*Athenæum*.

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\* This is a quotation from a passage in Mr. Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters*, written with reference to portraits. Mr. Allan Cunningham might have also added something, being better acquainted with the subject, about the manufactory of books.

† We know not whether this be true, but if so, believe it is entirely Mr. Hilton's own fault. We suspect he will feel little complimented by being so associated with the other two that have had the good fortune to find such especial patronage in the *Morning Chronicle*.

"This artist emulates E. Landseer in his dogs, and displays good knowledge of his subject, and elaborate finish; but his animals, while they remind one of his prototype as well as of nature, are by no means equal in living character to those of E. Landseer; they are well painted, but those of the latter are real."—*Spectator*.

Without however further dwelling on such play as requesting the reader to "look on this picture and on this," we trust that sufficient has been already stated to convince the patron of art how little reliance is to be placed on the individual opinions of critics in the ordinary periodicals. We cannot however conclude without expressing our regret that the interests of the arts should thus have been in so many cases abandoned to the notice, worse than neglect, of writers who, either from ignorance or favour, often impose their own ideas as valuable pieces of criticism on the world already too willing to take their opinions upon trust. Thus we find the boldest assertions for the most part expressed in the vaguest and most general terms, giving no tangible reason for disapproving of any particular style or performance, or pointing out the manner in which any even palpable errors might have been avoided, —while others think they do all that can be expected by a few general notices of praise, empty and unmeaning. The arts in this country certainly do yet require to be treated with considerable delicacy and care; and so far the latter sort of critics may at least claim the merit of being innocuous, while they at the same time conceal their poverty of ideas and their ignorance of the subject; but those of the former class who think that to find fault is all that is necessary to constitute a critic, are, it cannot be too strongly asserted, the worst enemies which the arts can possess. From such criticisms every true lover of the arts would anxiously desire to see them released, deprecating the fate that must attend them when they recollect how apt is sometimes the greatest genius to afford even just and tempting opportunities to the scorner for the display of his wit or his critical acumen. If the highly gifted in mind will thus sometimes descend from their sphere to the level of the low, they will always find these ready to take advantage of their inadvertency, and to claim a fellowship with them.

A PICTURE FANCIER.

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#### WORTHIES OF THE LAST CENTURY.—No. I.

THERE are some few of the old school yet remaining who retain a recollection of the Turk's-head tavern in Gerrard-street, once the cele-

brated rendezvous of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Beauclerk, and other luminaries, who formed the memorable Literary Club. At the same time that the meetings of these literati were held in the first floor of the Turk's-Head, a coterie of artists and amateurs were wont to assemble in the ground floor beneath. These below-stairs parties, though not designated by any specific title, were composed of men no less entitled to celebrity—Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, West, Ramsay, Mortimer, Zoffany, Zucarelli, and other painters; Woollett, Strange, Vivares, Brown, Bazire, and other engravers; together with a chosen few amateurs who frequently dropped in of a winter evening,—and there, seated on the carpeted bench on either side the fire, sipped their coffee, wine, or punch, and discoursed on the affairs of art.

At the Turk's-Head, the earliest conclave was held to cogitate upon the important question of the utility of a National Academy for the promotion of the arts of painting and sculpture; and from thence resulted the St. Martin's-lane Academy, the exhibitions of the Society of Artists, and the ultimate founding of the Royal Academy. Garrick, Goldsmith, and others not artists, who frequented this tavern, afforded their friendly aid in support of the project;—one, indeed, which had been long before attempted by their predecessor Sir James Thornhill, but without success. Of the transactions of this fraternity of worthies, much may yet be said touching the progressive history of the British School of Fine Arts.

Wilson, though usually represented at best but as a "rough diamond," was a man of high spirit and gentlemanly feeling. His classic taste was not confined to his art: he was an accomplished scholar, and when not under a morbid depression of spirits, courteous in address and brilliant in conversation. One of the most distinguished members of the Literary Club, after accosting him and Allan Ramsay at the foot of the stairs which led to the meeting-room on the first floor, observed to Topham Beauclerk, "Sir, Wilson and certain other painters who meet below, are as well-read men as any of the learned dons above." This literary knowledge, however, was somewhat obscured by the too general propensity which the artists, in common with most other professional men of the age of George the First and Second, manifested for playing the humourist. The pipe, the punch-bowl, and late hours, begot a disposition for mirth; and the morning tale, borne by the loungeur amateur from one painter's studio to another's, was generally interlarded with the wit and frolic of the over-night. Even grave family-men, in these social times, mostly passed their evenings at the tavern, and sometimes prolonged their sittings to the hour indicated on the dial of Hogarth's inimitable pic-

ture 'Modern Midnight Conversation;' for those who had neither imagination nor wit, would sit comfortably intrenched behind their pipes, and smoke, and nod, and smile at the lively sallies of their more enlightened friends and neighbours.

Amongst other nightly visitors who exchanged a nod and a smile with the pretty maid at the bar of the Turk's-Head, were the renowned Cock, and his no less celebrated successor Langford; the two crack auctioneers of the age of George the Second. The society of the artists was judiciously sought by these worthies, over and above other considerations as beneficial to their picture-sales. Cock has the reputation of being the founder of sale-room oratory. He was a very personable man, had an easy and elegant address, and was admired by the belles who frequented his "great room." His portrait, in cravat *à la mode*, beauish peruke, and coat of fashionable cut, is still to be seen (a graphic treasure for the *cognosc*), over the chimney-piece of the great room up the stone stair-case in the rear of the north arcade of Covent-garden,—one of the spacious suite of rooms now in the occupation of our trusty and well-beloved friend the open-hearted George Robins. Of this memorable spot much might be recorded in the way of gossip for the dilettanti.

Cock having honourably ended his career, Langford had the whole field open to him. He now became the most fashionable auctioneer that had yet gracefully displayed, between two fingers and a thumb, the magical ivory mallet, which could in a few hours transfer the "two-thousand-year-old gods and goddesses from Greece and Rome," to fill the niches of a modern English temple; or at one single rap, place an old and venerable lordly domain into the possession of a new man, "the first and the last of his family."

Cock was easy and unassuming in his address. Langford was florid in his oratory, and sometimes hurried into rhapsody. Once, in the ardour of his eloquence, being provoked by a bidder, he knocked down the man instead of the lot,—an aberration of genius immortalized by the dramatic poet Foote, in the character of Puff, in the admirable farce 'The Minor.'

These are not the only celebrated wights who have made a conspicuous figure under this venerated roof; for here long resided Sir James Thornhill, the father of the English school of historical painting; and in these rooms he formed that gallery of casts from the antique, for his private academy, from which the native artists first acquired the knowledge of the beauty and proportions of the human figure, and laid the foundation of our national school of design in sculpture and painting.

In these rooms, too, were held the first and long continued meetings of the glorious *convives*, the true, the orthodox British Committee of Taste, who founded the Beef-steak Club. Of its president, George Lambert the scene-painter, and others its members, lords and gentlemen, heirs to fame, something will be said in a succeeding Number.

Digressions sometimes beguile the tedium of a long story. This paper commenced at the Turk's-Head; and we—you and we, courteous reader—are now resting on the tip-top step of George Robins's lengthy stone stair-case. Be it your pleasure to return westward a furlong or something more, and we shall be in the old neighbourhood again.

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A late morning ramble thitherward with a survivor of the last age, brought before us many a well-known dwelling, locally identified with some of the aforementioned artists and amateurs. How long these venerable domiciles may retain their sites, who can tell?—Perchance they may disappear ere another autumn sears the coming summer's leaf; for behold, the Genius of modern improvement approacheth, with vasty legs and lengthy compasses, marking out right and left, for aught we know, these consecrated roofs for destruction, rapidly as my uncle Toby, with his redoubtable chief engineer, the reckless Trim, demolished horn-works, bastions, and other bulwarks, with Mr. Shandy's garden spade.

“And so young Christie is dead!” observed my ancient companion, accompanying the ejaculation with an upward inclination of the hands. —“It appears but as an event of yesterday that I listened to his father in the rostrum; and now he, his hopeful boy, and right worthy successor, already—all but a sexagenarian—is gone to the tomb!” —“Young Christie!” Thus we old men behold generation succeed generation, and drop off one by one: yet that title *young* still clings to the fond memory.—Young Colman, the dramatic wit! though now grown gray. So with our delightful *convive*—still it is *young Bannister*, meanwhile friend John is feeble on his feet, and takes his slow morning stroll along the smooth pavement of Gower-street, father of the British stage!—and so we were yet wont to designate him, thus unexpectedly snatched from us, “young Christie!”

This apostrophe was begotten, as such reflections mostly are, by some accidental association; for as we stood with our backs to the old shop-door of Vivares the landscape engraver, two porters were bearing along a picture by Francesco Mola, one which we immediately recognised as a landscape composition transferred to an amateur by the hammer of the elder Christie more than half a century ago.

My friend, who delights in soliloquy, proceeded; "Sir, I remember him (young Christie) an infant on his mother's lap. I recollect his first going to school: he soon shot up into a tall, slender stripling, of an amiable physiognomy; and loved his book. His father, no scholar himself, justly proud of such a boy, sent him to Eton, and had the rare felicity of living to see him tower above his half thousand sprightly competitors, and become captain of that princely school."

The very name of Christie is congenial to all that is held dear by the virtuoso, the artist, and the connoisseur. It is interwoven with the most delightful recollections of the better part—the spring season of our enlightened age. The most honoured of the olden school of noblemen and gentlemen, a class woefully thinned of late, surrounded the rostrum of the father; the most respectable and respected few amongst their descendants, paid like honour to the rostrum of the son.

The elder Christie, as before observed, had not the advantage of education; this was a subject of regret to him: Nature, however, made all the compensation which her fondness could bestow on a deserving child; for she endowed him with genius, and with that sent him forth to seek his fortune. The good matron saw him rise rapidly to Fame's highest pinnacle; and though it is long since she wept over his grave, she delights to tell the tale of his many virtues, and still boasts him—"the prince of auctioneers."

James Christie the elder, was originally employed in the service of an upholsterer, near the top of Berners-street, and whilst young and active, cheerfully assisted in beating many a feather-bed, upon a stage erected on the dead ground, the site on which Middlesex Hospital now stands. His manners obtained for him the esteem of many of his employers, and amongst others that of a Mr. Jones, who, being wealthy, placed Christie in a shop well supplied with books, in Wardour-street, where he opened business as a book auctioneer. Diligent and successful in his calling, he improved his means, and removing to Spring-gardens, Charing-cross, commenced general auctioneer, under the firm of Christie and Ansell. It was here he experienced his first great loss, the precursor of those misfortunes to which his generous nature too frequently exposed him throughout life. He became, under particular circumstances of friendship, security for a minor of great expectations, to the amount of 20,000*l*. The young gentleman died just before the expiration of his minority—and Christie lost the whole sum. Happily he had many friends, amongst others, the illustrious Garrick. No sooner was this great player acquainted with Christie's loss, than he generously advanced him the loan of 10,000*l*., which the borrower,

within a given period, repaid; and such was his grateful recollection of the circumstance, that when deputed by Garrick's widow to sell part of her honoured husband's effects, Christie very feelingly related the whole affair to his auditors, from the rostrum.

Subsequently Christie removed his business to the old Royal Academy rooms, next to Carlton-house, and also occupied the well known premises many houses westward of this site. For a short period he was joined by two partners, Sharpe, a diamond merchant from the city, and Harper, a brother of the wife of John Bannister the comedian—but this firm was soon dissolved.

The fame of Cock and Langford, however celebrated in their day, was thrown into shade by the splendid career of Christie. The principal pictures imported from abroad, and the collections that were to be sold by order of executors, had been heretofore advertised for sale at the rooms behind the Piazza, Covent Garden; but the English had never yet beheld such splendid collections, as those which were subsequently consigned to the hammer of Christie. The perturbed state of the continent, soon after the commencement of the French revolution, rendered England the great picture mart, and each spring season for a number of succeeding years produced a magnificent exhibition of the choicest works of the old masters upon the walls of Christie's auction rooms in Pall Mall.

Christie, though not exactly a connoisseur, occasionally made an eloquent display of his talent as a seller of articles of *virtu*. He had the advantage of a constant friendly intercourse with many of the most distinguished artists and connoisseurs; so much so indeed, that a certain coterie, who frequently partook of his venison and claret, were denominated Christie's fraternity of god-fathers, as they sometimes in the character of sponsors christened questionable graphic specimens of the genius obscure, Domenichinos, Sebastian del Piombos, Da Vinci, and other high sounding names,—delectable to the ears of certain collectors, who, doating on the foundlings, eagerly adopted them as legitimates born.

The elder Christie being a man of quick perception, could not fail to derive due benefit from the judgement of such authorities as Reynolds, West, Gainsborough, and other members of the Royal Academy, who were constantly indulged with a private view of every importation of valuable pictures consigned to him from abroad. Hence, quickly catching the spirit of their critical remarks, he ascended the rostrum with confidence, expatiated on matters of taste with the enthusiasm of an amateur, and enlarging upon the merits of a picture in the learned



nomenclature of a connoisseur, astounded the far greater part of his auditors. It must be admitted that his mettlesome fancy sometimes carried him clean over the pale of discretion into the field of hyperbole, though he rarely strayed far; for judgement taking his steed by the bridle, soon walked him steadily back again.

No man of his calling perhaps ever more zealously discharged his duty to his employers. He would dwell over a picture, and seduce a reluctant bidder out of another guinea, with as much eloquence and patient perseverance, as when selling the Pitt diamond, or a vast estate, where each bidding advanced a thousand pounds.

The feelings of his son, it is believed, never were congenial to the business of an auctioneer. It was intended by the father to place him in the church, a profession which the son would have eagerly embraced; but it was vitally essential to the interest of the father that he should enrol him in the firm. Young Christie yielded to his wishes, and by this noble sacrifice of inclination to filial duty, he mainly helped to save the declining fortunes of a fond father, and became the main prop to the stability of his house.

The first time the writer of this saw the younger Christie in the rostrum, was in the spring of 1794, when, to relieve his father from the fatigue of a six consecutive days' sale of the effects of John Alexander Gresse, an artist and celebrated collector, then lately deceased, he took the hammer for one day. He was then, we believe, about one-and-twenty years of age. On this occasion, it was obvious that he wanted that becoming confidence so indispensable to him who addresses a public assembly; for, though he was sufficiently collected to express his thoughts in elegant language, yet, at times, he was scarcely audible, and addressed the company with a faltering tongue. This diffidence seemed too frequently to impede the public exercise of his fine talents, even to a late period of his life.

The father, in all his transactions, acquired universal reputation for honour and integrity; and so almost boundless was his liberality, that he was commonly designated the princely-minded Christie. Had he possessed these virtues in a less romantic degree, or put them into operation with more regard to self-interest, doubtless his family would have had to divide an ample fortune. He died honoured and respected—but certainly not rich.

Thus much, for the present, of the elder Christie; and to this slight memorial, touching the memory of his son, we shall only add, that he inherited and perpetuated the virtues of his father, and his career thus honourably ended will serve to prove, that the manners of the accom-

plished gentleman, and the enlightened scholar, are not incompatible with the active duties and conduct of a man of business. P. P.

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CABINET COUNCILS.—No. I.

[Scene, a large chamber, like a Picture-gallery, only that it contains one side covered with books, and the tables with wine and dessert.—Six or seven persons obscurely visible through a hazy undefinable atmosphere, sitting round a person of commanding appearance who addresses them.]

WELL, now that you have all heard THE ADDRESS, and are in full possession of my plans, it only remains for us to consider the best means of carrying them into effect. For this purpose I have been lately diligently reading Macculloch, and Malthus, and Robinson Crusoe on the division of labour; and being fully satisfied of the truth of the doctrines laid down by these political economists, desire to act upon their suggestions. I therefore propose to apportion among you not only different departments for your labours, but also to attach to your offices, by way of encouragement, such titles of honour as shall be fitting thereunto. In these appointments, of course, we must follow the good old English rule,—of always selecting individuals for those offices for which they are more particularly unqualified. Thus to begin with myself, as due to the first in rank and talent among you, with and without the leave of our Sovereign Lord the Public, I take the office of Premier, though I well know at the same time that it is worse than madness in me to choose a post for which I am so totally unqualified, and in which I am not wanted. But what is to be done? No one else has been able to hold it a twelvemonth, and the exigencies of the state, or at least ours, require such a skilful director as I only can be allowed to be. No one else existing possesses the firmness and other requisites combined; and at any rate I am determined to show my qualification for it by being the stern supporter of our order. Having settled this point therefore fully to my own mind, I will now give you each your posts, in which I shall allow no dissatisfaction to be expressed, as I intend no mistake to be made; and though I may condescend to ask your opinions, remember I expect you always to assent to mine.

*Omnes.* Oh, certainly, your propositions are exceedingly reasonable.

*Premier.* Well then, you, Lewy, shall preside over the Home De-

partment under the title of Lord Rigmarole, and I expect you to keep a watchful eye in maintaining all the abuses of the state. The Prince shall retain his title as due to his Plantagenet descent, which further qualifies him to meet foreign potentates on equal terms, and consequently to be our Secretary for Foreign Affairs; while Brummagem shall also be made a Peer, and Secretary for our extensive Colonies from Liverpool to that still more obscure and remote place the London Coffee House, where I am credibly informed there is a race of beings who swear by our gods, and attempt to speak our language. You, Johannes, having no bowels of your own, shall be keeper of our Conscience. Yes, you may stare, and may well be surprised at your elevation, but nevertheless I do appoint you Lord Chancellor, supreme in judgement and of ultimate appeal; and as it is quite as clear as your countenance that you have the blood of ancient nobility in your veins, I hereby invest you with the ancient title of Lord Hoax! How say you, my Lord, do you approve of these appointments?

*Hoax.* Undoubtedly, as in duty bound, I think them all excellent.

*Premier.* Whether you think it or not, they are so; but by the twisting of your nose I perceive you meant that for a sarcasm. Beware, my Lord, how you play off your wit upon me, or by the Lord Harry your prototype, I will most assuredly shelve you; and if you cannot resist your inclination to be always jabbering on your own responsibility, I will soon make you feel like Lord Halfmoon-street, that you are among the incurables. Let me, however, hear what objection you have to the wisdom of my plans.

*Hoax.* Oh, none at all, as to their wisdom; I only doubt their originality.

*Premier.* You doubt their originality? You sucking incendiary! You could only have said that to catch the sparkling indignation of my eyes;—but I will forbear for once, and speak to you like a father. And pray let me ask you, if my plans are not original, whose can be now under the sun? Others no doubt in every age from Savage Lucian down to Savage Landor have put their own ideas into the mouths of fictitious or assumed characters; but who ever before thought of seizing the dominion of the world of art, and apportioning out different departments to different subordinates? Above all, who ever before thought you, all or any of you, qualified for those offices, or to be endowed with titles of honour?

*Hoax.* Aye, there indeed as regards some of us, you are truly original, and there is, it must be acknowledged, all the difference in the world between your plans and those that you mention; as I grant that

the characters referred to have no relation to any offices, and you only select the offices and not the characters.

*Premier.* True, my Lord, there you have shown a discrimination worthy of your high situation, and with the sanction of your opinion I will proceed to invest your neighbour Sawney with the office of Chancellor of our Exchequer. As to his title, his sponsors, with a prescience most wonderful, have already endowed him with a given name, so-suited to his talents, that we need only to confirm it with the honours of our peerage, and so place him on an equality with ourselves.

*Sawney.* I am much obliged to you ; I hope you will be as good to my long friend in the corner.

*Premier.* Yes, he shall be the Master of our Ceremonies and Clerk of the Closet, for which if he be found too unruly, we will send him to the Board of Control under the title of Lord Elegant.

*Sawney.* Lord Elephant ?

*Premier.* No, Lord Elegant ; I hate all monstrosities, and I would not libel even your friend with such a selection from our nomenclature.—But now that you know your places, the next thing to be done is to get acquainted with your duties, and for this I will shortly detail to you a few general rules for your guidance. 1st, Never doubt or hesitate for a moment, either in expressing an opinion or acting upon it. Decision is the greatest of all virtues ; and every man who wishes to obtain the character of wisdom or consistency, must first form an opinion, and then seek for reasons for adopting it and arguments to maintain it.

*Sawney.* But supposing you ever should find yourself obliged to alter your opinion and adopt a different plan from what you set out with avowing ?

*Premier.* What a ridiculous supposition ! but even then it would be easy enough to show that your new measure had been your intention from the beginning, only modified before or after as may happen to be the case.

*Sawney.* But suppose those new measures are forced upon you by circumstances which you cannot control, and in spite of your greatest resistance, which you cannot disavow !

*Premier.* Well then, give way : but be sure somehow or other to take all the credit boldly to yourself, as if it were wholly and entirely due to you, without reference to the weaker animals that first felt the pinch, and suggested the remedy.

*Sawney.* And suppose you cannot give any reason whatever for your conduct, or arguments for continuing it ?

*Premier.* Then say nothing, but affect a reserve that shall intimate you have reasons you do not choose to disclose; or if you feel strong enough, express a contempt for your adversary, and say that nothing he can urge can affect your character or conscience.

*The Prince.* That is the conduct I always pursue, and I am glad to have the sanction of your authority for it. I would suggest another rule, which indeed is a corollary from the first:—Always, even when you are obliged to give way, to show your teeth and spite by doing it with as ill a grace as possible. Thus, if your only sister insists upon having her own property out of your hands, and chooses to be refractory because you object to it, refuse as long as you are able by force of law, and do not even give a silk gown as a sop to satisfy her.

*Hoax.*—Because you thus both gratify your spleen and assert your consistency.

*Sawney.*—True: but are you not to think of the consequences leading to endless family disquietudes?

*Premier.*—No; for they only give rise to future exhibitions of your firmness, and keep people's minds from thinking about their own affairs, which also happen to be under your mismanagement.

*Rigmarole.*—Which is the great secret of good government—because if we do but accomplish that, we may go on as we like, building and rebuilding, pulling down and blocking up, fixing our own salaries and per centages, so as to verify the old saying, The more we spend, the more we have.

*Premier.* All very right; but I would first let you know that you are not to have so much your own way as you seem to think. You, Rigmarole, are a vast deal too clever, and I shall therefore consider, though you are at the head of your department, whether I shall not appoint my son, Lord Hopeful, Viceroy over you. I have at least fifteen very fitting persons to appoint to different offices, and they must be first attended to.

*Rigmarole.* Well then, pray saddle them on Brummagem, whose colonies are full of such fry; but for my part I have at least five hundred poor cousins at home to be served, and I know not how to serve them, though I shall be obliged to puff and push them forward in all sorts of ways.

*Premier.* That I have no objection to, provided you do not commit yourself too far;—but what are their pretensions?

*Rigmarole.* They flourish and excel in a variety of ways: a few on their own merits; others on their properties; while the greater number rest their claims upon the same grounds as they allege I have to boast of,—some say to chance, some to favour.

*Premier.* You have therefore only proved your need of assistance to rescue you from the dilemmas into which I see you will be plunged: I must therefore take your case into further consideration. In the mean time, for your guidance and instruction, I give you another rule: 2ndly. Never be so dastardly as to give up your own or your friend's interests from any regard to public opinion, or the fear of offending any one who is not one of us, temporally or spiritually. If a Lord or a Bishop, or even a Member of the Refuge for the Destitute, makes any application to you, you may return a civil answer; and if you have no other object in view, accede to the request: but if any one whom you do not know should venture to presume so far, kick the thing out of doors, and assert your dignity. With such unknown personages it would be waste of time even to answer their applications.

*Hoax.* That is a most excellent maxim. For my part I have so much to do, one way or another, that I cannot attend to any one but such as you mention, or answer one-hundredth part of the letters that pour in upon me from all quarters every day.

*Premier.* I see you are a true Hoax, and the very head of all the Hoaxes. Justly, then, are you placed at the head of all the good things in Church and State for the especial benefit of the community! Our most venerable institutions will find in you their most fitting supporter, and I have no doubt you will maintain your character in all your measures. We have many abuses to reform, and many excellent plans to put into execution, as the 1st of March shall testify. In the meantime, talking about excellent plans, let me ask you as one putting your nose into every body's affairs, and your fingers into every body's pockets as a lawyer should do,—have you ever seen or heard of a Magazine called 'The Library of the Fine Arts'?

*Hoax.* Yes; one that professes to give to the public a vast quantity of useful and entertaining matter, tending to diffuse through the community a just appreciation of works of Art, and keeping their minds entirely from politics on the one hand, or the nursery on the other.

*Sawney.* I know not whether that be a recommendation or not; the money-making world does want something to relax its grave muscles sometimes, and there is no reason why it should be left to the unsatisfactory gleanings of Sunday Newspapers, or even of the New Monthly Magazine. No one with an income of less than a thousand a-year, now a-days, can see a daily paper and the regular Magazines, and I therefore think this work not deserving of public patronage.

*Elegant.* I am of the same opinion as my friend Sawney, but it is on another ground, because it does not say one word about the theatres,

or the Opera, or even about the fashions. Dancing and music are as much to be included among the Fine Arts, as painting or sculpture; and the drama is a vast deal more useful, as it teaches us that excellent science of oratory—the first of all human accomplishments—in which we all so particularly excel.

*Rigmarole.* And not a word about politics, did you say? It is impossible it can answer; there are not a sufficient number of persons in the world who care about such trifles as those pursuits you mention; and as to the useful and entertaining independent of these, all I can say is, that such twaddle may do very well for fathers of families and such like; but we who know something of the world know differently.

*Brummagem.* Besides, what is there of it; some eighty or a hundred pages for half-a-crown! there ought at least to be double if they expect to get purchasers: people care not a fig for the subject, compared to what they do for their money; and the best writing and the best editing, and paper and print into the bargain, will not go half so far in obtaining their favour as a proportionate quantity of what will at least serve for waste paper, if for nothing else.

*The Prince.* I am old enough to remember at least half a dozen similar experiments; two only I will name, as at all to be compared to the present, being upon the same system; one called 'The Annals', the other 'The Magazine of the Fine Arts'. The former was sent forth at double the price, containing just half the quantity of matter; the other, though less in price than the first, was still higher than the present; and neither of them contained in all the numbers they actually sent out to the world, so many clever and useful articles as this contains in its first Number alone. I therefore am inclined to believe that if it be continued as it has begun, it may possibly meet with as much support as will lead the proprietors to keep it on till they are half-ruined, when the project may drop for another ten years and another generation of dreamers who will rely on the discernment of the public to prefer a work on matters of taste to one full of trash and nonsense.

*Hoax.* I am glad to find, Prince, that you at least come a little to my assistance; I have been all my life dreaming that the Schoolmaster was abroad, and though I have learned to a painful certainty that all my projects and prophecies were not to be relied on, yet I will declare that this is one after my own heart, and that if my name be what it is, it shall and will take its place in the first rank of periodical publications.

*Premier (starting from a doze.)* That is as I will it; but however, as it is a child of my own, I am glad you all concur so fully in its praise. I now discharge you from further attendance, the country



being much indebted to you for your services, and I hope to meet you again with equal congratulations at our next meeting, on a day peculiarly suited for our solemnities, the 1st of April.

[*Exeunt, all horrorstruck but Hoax, who enjoys the confusion; and the Premier is discovered sitting alone in an easy chair, with a solitary unsnuffed candle before him.*]

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#### THE NEW MUSEUM AT BERLIN.

IN our first Number we gave some account of the splendid museum of sculpture that graces the capital of Bavaria; and we shall now attempt to convey to our readers some idea of the one at Berlin, which was first opened to the public on the 3rd of last August, His Prussian Majesty's birthday.

Most favourably situated at one extremity of the *Lustgarten* or Park, directly facing the north-west front of the royal Palace, and having the Exchange and Cathedral on one side, the Arsenal and elegant new Palace Bridge on the other,—this fine piece of architecture displays itself to the greatest advantage. As beheld from the bridge,—one of the best stations for obtaining a general view of it,—it appears to be rather a poetic vision of the classic age of architecture, than the production of modern art; and the spectator is transported from the banks of the Spree to those of the Ilyssus. Let the reader depict to himself a colonnade in the purest and richest style of Ionic architecture, extending 270 feet in one unbroken line; while the columns in front are relieved by others in the back-ground of the portico, and by the profusion of marble and sculptures, combined with the two magnificent frescoes, each eighty feet in length,—the whole constituting one of the most luxuriantly embellished, most picturesque, and loveliest pieces of scenery that can be imagined;—let him picture in his mind these mingled beauties, and he will hardly think our praises too warm, our admiration too enthusiastic. Instead of being a cold and insipid copyist of ancient architecture, like many who deem themselves classical artists because they give us fac-similes of Grecian columns and entablatures, and *ri-facciamenti* of Athenian temples, M. Schinkel shows that he can transmute the spirit of the antique into structures altogether different from any one of its models, and that he can at the same time be strictly classical and strikingly original.

As the reader will hardly be content without a more detailed and ac-

curate description of the building, we shall now specify its principal features and dimensions. The whole pile forms a parallelogram of about 276 by 270 feet, within which are two courts separated from each other by the rotunda in the centre of the building, and above which rises a lofty attic or superstructure, serving as a screen to its dome. The principal front, which is that we have already mentioned, consists of a portico extending its whole length, and formed by eighteen fluted columns of the Ionic order, and two antææ. These columns, which are four feet four inches in diameter, and forty feet high, are placed on a stylobate (eleven feet high) which returns against the ends of the flight of steps in the centre, occupying the width of seven out of the nineteen inter-columns. Within the portico, which is twenty feet deep, there is a second range of columns in the centre, forming an open screen of five inter-columns, through which is seen the upper part of an open vestibule and staircase, divided from the second or inner portico by a low screen wall, in which is placed the principal doorway. This latter has open-work bronze gates, rising, however, no higher than the general level of the screen, although the doorway itself is much loftier, it being placed in the wall, which here unites itself with the screen, and which forms the sloping sides of the staircase, whose flights unite in the landing seen just above the door. By this arrangement not only is a very rich and imposing perspective effect obtained, but an exceedingly piquant view from the staircase itself through the double range of columns of the inner and outer portico.—In order to complete our account of the latter, we must now describe its interior embellishments, which exhibit a style of splendour to which there is no parallel in what we are accustomed to behold in similar situations in our own buildings. The wall on each side of the inner colonnade is divided horizontally into three portions: the first or lowest of them is inlaid with a series of compartments in rich marble; the second division has a series of square bas-reliefs, of the same dimensions, but placed so that the styles or vertical mouldings which separate them fall in the centres of the lower compartments, after the manner of the disposition of rustics; and the third division is occupied by a single fresco painting, extending the entire width of the wall. Between each of these divisions is a series of rich Greek mouldings and ornamental faciæ, framing and uniting the whole together in the most tasteful manner. This portico, therefore, exhibits at one view an unrivalled display of architecture, sculpture and painting, so combined together as to preserve an exquisite simplicity of style, notwithstanding the variety and profusion of the embellishments.

The building consists of two stories; one on the level of the portico,

which is that appropriated to sculpture ; and an upper one, which forms the gallery of paintings. There is also a basement story in the other fronts, which, in the façade, forms the terrace or stylobate on which the colonnade is raised. The sculpture galleries may be entered either immediately from the inner portico, by the doors at its extremities, or through the vestibule and rotunda. This magnificent circular hall,—which is sixty-seven feet in diameter, forty-one high to the cornice, and seventy-two to the summit of the dome, in its general proportions,—bears a considerable resemblance to the Pantheon at Rome, and, like that, is lighted by a single large aperture in the centre of the dome, twenty-three feet in diameter, and glazed with plate glass of such extraordinary thickness that it will safely support the weight of any person, and may therefore be cleaned without difficulty. The lower part of the hall is surrounded by a Corinthian peristyle of twenty columns, above which is a gallery, into which open four lofty doors communicating with the apartments on the upper floor. In each quadrant of the circumference, or between every two doors, are four niches with statues, and sixteen statues are placed below in the corresponding intercolumns of the peristyle. The dome is divided into four series of very deep and rich caissons, each series or circle containing twenty caissons, answering to the number of the columns and intercolumns. The door opposite the entrance from the vestibule leads into the principal sculpture gallery (204 feet long, by 30 feet in width), whose ceiling is supported by twenty columns extending in two rows. At either end of this gallery is a smaller one, each 123 feet by 20, with twelve columns ; and adjoining these are two lesser halls, about 53 feet long, and having four columns. On entering on either side from the inner portico, these two last-mentioned apartments are those first visited by strangers, as otherwise there would be rather an anticlimax in the scale of the different halls. The distribution of the upper floor is in every respect the same, except that there each gallery is divided into a series of cabinets, by means of screen walls extending from the piers between the windows to within ten feet of the opposite side, thereby leaving an uninterrupted view of the whole extent of the gallery. Although this arrangement destroys the grandeur of the general *coup d'œil*, it is attended with several advantages ; as it provides room for a considerably greater number of pictures than could otherwise be hung up ; facilitates the classification into different schools and classes ; and is perhaps the best for studying the beauties of the individual subjects, as the eye is not disturbed nor the attention engaged by a wilderness of beauties. The superficies of wall thus obtained amounts to 38,000 square feet. The collection of paintings comprises,

besides all the *chefs d'œuvre* selected from the royal palaces, the celebrated Giustiniani and Solly galleries, with a number of choice specimens of the various schools, more recently purchased in order to enrich it. The series of works by the early German masters is particularly numerous, and gives an additional interest to this truly magnificent and national museum.

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#### CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Views in the East, &c.* From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N.; with Historical and Descriptive Letter-press. Royal 4to, Parts I. to VI.—London: Fisher and Co.

As regards the execution of the engravings, and as conveying a general idea of the scenery and architecture of India, likewise for the handsome style in which it is got up, this publication is entitled to much praise. Yet, satisfactory as it may be in these respects, it is nevertheless rather a tantalizing one upon the whole, since the plan which has been adopted is better suited to excite than to gratify our curiosity. While the letter-press speaks in terms of the highest admiration of the taste and splendour exhibited in many of the structures here introduced, we are obliged to content ourselves with a single view, which in some instances, so far from doing justice to that which ought to be the principal object, treats it merely as an accessory of the landscape. In our opinion this is too much like painting a person's figure in a landscape at such a distance as merely to show his form, and calling it a portrait of him. It is somewhat after this manner that we are shown that glory of the East, the Tāj Mahal, at Agra, which is thrown so far into the back-ground that we can only admire its general mass, and the picturesque grouping of its cupolas. Had Captain Elliot been less sparing of his sketches, and given us two or three representations of the same subject, we should not have so greatly objected to this shy and *distant* manner on the first introduction. That however not being the case, we feel it to be a very serious inconvenience, and a matter of no little regret; as will be allowed when we say that, as it is here shown, the Tāj Mahal hardly occupies a square inch; yet it is a structure that not only comes up to, but actually surpasses all that we read of in the Arabian Nights, and is more than the most glowing and poetical description can do justice to. It was our good fortune once to behold a series of drawings of this building, executed upon sheets of vellum of extraordinary dimensions, by a native artist, and portraying every detail in the most elaborate and

exquisite manner. Having therefore had such assurance of its beauties, we conceive it to be well entitled to the eulogium here passed upon it,—that “it is perhaps the most beautiful edifice that was ever projected by the genius, or reared by the hand of man.”

The Tomb of Humaioon at Delhi, is even less defined than the Tâj Mahal: nevertheless there is ample evidence, even without referring to the letter-press, that it is an exceedingly majestic pile. We must remark also, that one or two of the subjects might have been spared without at all diminishing the interest of the work; for instance, the ‘Tiger Island,’ and ‘El Waish,’ which have no peculiar local features to distinguish them from hundreds of similar scenes in various parts of the world; and in fact it is more the figures than the landscape, or rather back-ground, that constitute the subject. The first-mentioned of these is, however, an extremely clever and spirited engraving, and the water, vessels, and figures, are touched in a sparkling manner. Stanfield is quite at home in such a subject, and has evidently treated it *con amore*; nor has Goodall been less successful in engraving it.

Whether it may be an objection with others, we do not profess to know; yet it appears to be hardly a recommendation to the work—at least as far as fidelity of portraiture is concerned,—that the drawings should have been made thus at second-hand by artists in England, who must have been entirely guided by Captain Elliot’s sketches. Whatever may have been gained by this process with regard to effect, we very much doubt whether something may not have been lost in point of veracity; and to say the truth, some of the trees appear now and then to have too much the air of English ones.

The letter-press is very well written; nor do we complain of the free use that has been made of Bishop Heber’s Journal, as his descriptions are exceedingly graphic and animated, and faithfully convey to us the impressions the various objects made on the writer. But by a somewhat Procrustean law, the same quantity of text is, with one exception, allotted to every subject,—in order, we presume, that the sheets may be arranged and bound up as each purchaser may deem proper,—the pages not being numbered. The consequence, however, is, that instead of being expanded or compressed according to the greater or lesser interest of buildings, or places described, each is spoken of at equal length. These may be deemed rather caviling and invidious observations; nor would a writer who was puffing the work have in any degree alluded to them. We have stated our opinions frankly, and we are persuaded that, although we ourselves could have wished many particulars to have been treated more fully, the work will find numerous

admirers, and not undeservedly so; and it will, we trust, fully remunerate its proprietors, who certainly, on their part, have endeavoured to render it worthy of public patronage.

*Sketches in Italy*, Nos. I. & II. By W. Linton.

Amongst the most interesting and useful purposes to which the graphic art can be applied, is that department designated Topographical, by which the pencil of the artist embodies, as it were, the enchanting scenes which delight the eye of the intelligent traveller when exploring the various regions of the world.

By the aid of the topographical painter we become acquainted with the veritable character of every species of scenery, whether under the classification of epic, romantic, pastoral, or domestic. Thus we behold in faithful delineation the stupendous mountain heights, the deep glens, the verdant hills, and fertile plains, either in their native grandeur, wildness, or cultivated beauty;—in the rich combinations of nature adorned by art, as beheld in the ancient classic regions of Greece and Italy; or in the pictorial and rural scenery of existing culture, with all their localities and amenities.

To the many justly admired topographical works which of late have emanated from the British press, another now in progress will be added, which will not only delight by its pictorial beauty and local fidelity, but as its scenery will be associated with the classic history of regions abounding in temples, and other monuments dedicated to the memory of the illustrious of past ages, to whose genius, wisdom, and knowledge of sciences and arts we are indebted for the elements of almost all we know.

The work alluded to is entitled "*Sketches in Italy*," drawn on stone by Mr. Linton, an English landscape-painter of considerable celebrity, from studies made by himself during a tour in the years 1828 and 1829, comprising a selection from his portfolio of about one hundred of the most romantic and picturesque scenes in various parts of Piedmont, the Milanese, Venetian and Roman states, Tuscany and Naples.

By the printed prospectus, we learn that this ingenious and indefatigable artist has brought to England upwards of five hundred studies of real scenes. It is Mr. Linton's intention to lithograph these, as complete fac-similes, by which means the artist and the amateur may enrich their collections with a hundred subjects, all possessing that charm of originality which is peculiar to every touch wrought by the hand of a master in his graphic transcript of Nature, noted upon the spot.

*The Empty Wallet* by J. Inskipp; engraved by W. Giller.—Moon, Boys and Graves.

Mr. Giller has done justice to a picture, the peculiar expression of which we can conceive would have been no easy task for a much more experienced engraver. It is in the possession of B. Wall, Esq. M.P., and is a very powerful picture. The expression of the girl's countenance is admirable, and the whole is in fine keeping.

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*Portrait of His Excellency Prince Talleyrand* by F. Gerard; engraved by E. Finden.—Leggatt and Co.

An excellent portrait, as excellently engraved, of one of the ablest statesmen the world ever saw. The collector of portraits will find this a valuable acquisition to his portfolio.

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*Exhibition of Pictures at the British Institution.*

This Exhibition was opened for the present season to the public on the 31st of January; and, as we intimated in our last, with a greater number of pictures than we remember to have seen on any former occasion. The public opinion has been so fully expressed upon it as being inferior to former exhibitions, that it would be as vain as it would be improper in us to conceal that character. At the same time, however, we would observe, that this character seems to have been given it, more on account of the absence of any great number of pictures of superlative excellence, than for the number of those of a class of respectable mediocrity in which it abounds; and these are so numerous, and the shades so undefinable, that they almost seem to absorb within their order many very able productions, which are thus, as it were, deprived of that merit to which they undoubtedly possess a legitimate claim. Without, however, entering into any general remarks, we will proceed at once to a more particular notice of those works which may be deemed worthy of it; premising, that though a large and indeed unusual proportion have been previously exhibited, yet, as they have not before now come under our critical inspection, we shall treat them as new acquaintances, alloyed only by the reflection that they yet remain unappreciated by purchasers.

The first picture in the Catalogue we cannot help regretting as coming under this class. It is by the truly illustrious President of the Academy, Sir M. A. Shee, who has named it 'Lavinia,' from the beautiful character in Thomson's Seasons. We might doubt whether it conveys to us the idea of the poet, but there is no doubt of its being



a "soft landscape of mild earth, Where all is harmony and calm and quiet." This is the only picture in the exhibition by the President,—but though of another class, and out of its order, we may here mention with it one by his son Mr. M. A. Shee, of 'Gil Blas discovering himself to Camilla'; a picture which exhibits great promise, but has too much black in it to meet our taste.

Mr. Landseer, R.A. has five pictures, four of which,—entitled 1. Too Hot; 2. Cottage Industry; 3. High Life and Low Life; and 4. A Highland Cradle,—are (and there cannot be higher praise) equal to any of his former productions. The 1st is a number of hungry dogs assembled round their mess which is reeking before them, and looking up most expressively to a young urchin, who seems to be very coolly contemplating their impatience. The 2nd is, we understand, a portrait of a daughter of His Grace the Duke of Bedford as arrayed for a masquerade, and is as remarkable for the beauty of its execution as for the absence of shade. The 3rd represents two dogs (in a frame of two compartments); one a butcher's dog, seated truly doggedly by a block, with the implements of his master's calling around him, and bearing on his brow the impress of many a hard-fought field. The other is 'A Patrician', in an elegant apartment, on a Turkey carpet, with the symbols of rank before him, and appears the true supporter of his order. The 4th is the favourite Scotch Terrier, (which, by the way, we may observe is too often repeated,) seated watching by a cradle. The 5th picture is 'Highland Game,' and is only worthy of being specially noticed, as proceeding from the same pencil.

Mr. Howard, R.A. has but two:—'A subject from the Lost Pleiad,' and 'A Servant Girl at Antwerp;' the former a beautiful personification of a poetic idea; and the other an exalting of a Dutch beauty into one of his own beautiful conceptions.

W. Collins, R.A. also has but two:—'The Old Boat-BUILDER,' and 'A Nutting Party;' both of them excellent specimens of his style, and the latter superior to any of his former productions that we recollect to have seen.

Messrs. T. and B. Barker have sent twelve pictures, all of them of great merit; and we would especially notice 'A Girl with Sheep,' and 152 'A Cattle-piece.'

Nasmyth has seven small pictures, all marked by his peculiar imitation of nature.

Tennant has three: one, entitled 'The Unlucky Crab,' is a very clever delineation of coast scenery and sea-side amusements.

J. Stark has four landscapes; among which 'A view on the Wave-

ney,' painted for the scenery of the rivers of Norfolk, is much to be admired.

Mr. Northcote, R.A. has favoured the Exhibition with two pictures—'A Lion at rest,' and 'David keeping his Father's Sheep.' No one of our living artists has been more fortunate than Mr. Northcote in the selection of his subjects, and no one less requires our commendation.

Mr. D. Roberts has sent but one—'The Corn-Market at Caen,' the excellent effect and colour of which cannot but make us regret that he has not sent more.

Mr. Witherington, A.R.A. has also sent but one—'The Gleaners,' for which, though but small, he is entitled to our best thanks.

Mr. Linnell has five pictures, all admirably true to nature, and painted with that peculiar effect for which he is so celebrated. We cannot avoid naming them: 1. The Wild-flower Gatherers; 2. The Farmer's Boy; 3. Milking; 4. The Mill; 5. The Two Kittens.

Mr. Copley Fielding has but two—'Vessels on the Shore near Southampton,' and 'A Scene in Perthshire;' which, however, do not please us so well as his water-colours.

A. E. Chalon, R.A. has only one, entitled 'L'Allegro;'—we apprehend so entitled merely to introduce a very excellent portrait.

Mr. Farrier has four pictures. 1. A Bite; 2. Taken by Surprise; 3. The Loiterer; and 4. Studying Tragedy;—all very admirable delineations of character, but the style is somewhat too hard and dry to please our taste.

Mr. G. R. Lewis has two pictures—1. The Sun rising in Frost;—a striking and somewhat novel description of a scene from nature. 2. From a passage in Campbell.

Mr. Knight has but two—'The Auld Friends,' and 'The Pedlar;' to both of which he has attached very unnecessary rhymes by way of explanation, as they both much better tell their own story. In the latter, Mr. Knight has succeeded in catching the spirit of a scene which every one has witnessed at a country fair; and the execution of the picture is equal to its conception. A group are assembled round the pedlar, who opens out his tempting treasures to a number of longing admirers. A lad on one side is making a desperate plunge into his pocket for his sixpence; while on the other is a young man offering a ring to a bashful fair-one, whose sister is looking rather wistfully at it behind them;—we say sister, as the faces appear drawn from the same model, and that one, by the way, not the handsomest that might have been selected.

Mr. Newton, R.A. has sent but one,—‘The Toilet’, with the lines from Pope,

“A heavenly image in the glass appears,  
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.”

Mr. Stanley has five, all pictures of great merit, as we might expect from his former productions. If we may be allowed to pass a mark of censure on such works, however, we should observe, that they would have been much better if less laboured. No. 263, ‘A Study’, an effect of wind, is thus to our mind the best, as he has not finished it with the same fastidiousness as the others; his small pictures indeed are always the best, as less loaded with colour and executed with more facility. The others are, 1. A View of Windsor; 2. Amiens; 3. A Study; 4. Storm coming on,—a scene from nature.

Mr. Vickers has no fewer than nine pictures, proofs of his industry, which is further conspicuous in the evident study he has made of the works of Bonington and others. One who can paint like him ought to rely more on his own genius: fewer pictures of a more original cast would have pleased us more and have better repaid him.

Mr. Huggins has an elaborate picture of the Engagement between the Excellent, Captain Collingwood, engaging two Spanish ships, in the Battle of St. Vincent.

Mr. Dean has four Views, but they disappoint us in not possessing that delightful freshness which was observable in one of his productions at this gallery last year.

Mr. D. Wolstenholme, jun. has an elaborate picture, ‘Princess Elizabeth escorted to Enfield Chase.’

Mr. Kidd has but two, ‘The Happy Highlander’, and ‘The Poacher’s Snare’. The former a Highlander dancing a child on his knee, which would have been happily treated if not so inky. The other is one of those scenes which we trust will not much longer remain for an artist to describe;—the colour is perhaps too much what artists term snuffy.

Mr. Platt has three scenes of ‘Rustic Life’.

Mr. Reinagle, R.A. also three, entitled, 1. Home Scenery—(morning); 2. Trout Fisher—scene in Westmoreland; 3. Evening, with Cattle.

Mr. Evans has two pictures, ‘Othello and Desdemona’, which is a complete failure in expression, though well painted; and ‘Æsculapius when a child exposed on the mountains near Epidaurus’.

Mr. Partridge has two pictures, ‘A Scene from Midsummer Night’s Dream’, exceedingly well treated; and ‘The Faithful Steward’, which is evidently a portrait, and thus allowed a most conspicuous place in the

Room, not only in violation of the rule of the Institution not to admit portraits, but also of good faith towards those artists who, in obedience to that rule, have sent only works of imagination. Thus this indifferent and uninteresting portrait is allowed a very conspicuous place, while Mr. Inskipp's 'Izaak Walton' (which we recollect had full justice done to it last year at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy), and several others we could name, are placed either where it is impossible to see them at all, or in such a manner as entirely to deprive them of effect. Many complaints have been this year made of the manner in which the pictures are placed, and it must be acknowledged with much justice. We trust, therefore, that as the Directors have extended their real patronage to the Arts, so far as to discountenance the shameful jobbing of dealers in the exhibition of pictures in fact belonging to them, so they will inquire into the other causes of complaint, and not give the public reason to believe that they are well founded merely because they are not inquired into.

Mr. F. R. Lee has five landscapes. 1. Windmill, Kent; 2. View in the Wood at Bromley Hill, Lord Farnborough's domain; 3. A Scene in the Highlands; 4. A Fair Day,—the figures by Webster; and 5. Umlerleigh Mill on the Taw, Devon. They are all worthy of him, but we do not think them equal to his former productions; they appear a little feeble and hurried.

Mr. Clater has six pictures. 1. The Lost Dog advertised; 2. The Advertisment; 3. Preparing for the Portrait; 4. The Fox detected (a boy with a hatful of eggs); 5. The Dairy Maid; and 6. The Romps, where the old lady comes in surprising a bevy of beauties, who employ a variety of those arts so peculiar to the sex to keep a young officer out of view.—All the pictures are highly finished and well handled: the 3rd would have been in our opinion the best, had less yellow been introduced; it is less broad in the humour, and as well told.

Mr. R. Westall, R.A. has also favoured the Exhibition with six, entitled, 1. The Sister of Viola, "She never told her love"; 2. Cottage Child at the Spring; 3. Rustic Courtship; 4. Kate is crazed; 5. Maria; and 6. Belisarius. Mr. Westall's style has been so long familiar to us, and is so associated with our finest poetical reminiscences, that we cannot, as we believe we ought to do, censure the excessive mannerism which his warmest admirers must acknowledge pervade all his productions.

Mr. Etty, R.A. has sent two pictures. 1. Sketch of a subject for an Altarpiece, Martyrdom of some of the Ancient Christians,—a most masterly sketch; and 2. The Storm,—a work combining all his faults

and all his beauties, except that the paint is so thin and poor as must in a very few years deteriorate from the picture. To it a passage is appended from the Scriptures, not altogether relevant to the subject, at least to our conception.

Mr. Dearman has four Views, which exhibit considerable strength.

Mr. Liverseege but one, 'Captain Macheath'; a spirited picture of a bold knight of the road, merry over his glass in despite of his dungeon, but not that of the Chevalier des Dames depicted by Gay.

Mr. Edmonstone has two. 'The Tame Canary' and 'The Departure for Waterloo'. He has not bestowed his usual pains upon them.

Mr. Hancock has three pictures. 1. The Widow; 2. The Lame leading the Blind; and 3. The Chace. In the 1st, the widow is represented as caressing her husband's dogs, and we must acknowledge our preference of it to the other two; the sentiment is new and striking, and the execution no less excellent,—we must add, "we believe," for it is placed almost quite out of view. The 2nd is a lame dog leading a blind one, to which it is tied, over a scraper towards a plateful of meat. The 3rd represents three dogs following a hare, who in the hurry of the chase has fallen down a precipice: the foremost dog is performing a somerset half-way down; another is vacillating on the brink; while the third, a knowing Scotch terrier, has his leg firmly planted on the ground, in obedience to the good old northern maxim, "Never put your arm out further than you can conveniently draw it back again." The posture of the falling dog is not, we think, true to nature; nor that of the hare, which seems "laid out" as comfortably as if she had had "the best assistance". The execution is all but equal to Landseer: and we cannot but make a passing remark on the inferiority of that style which can admit so easily of being rivalled, while we more particularly deprecate the imitation of it by one of Mr. Hancock's undoubted ability. We have heard that a dealer on looking at one observed, that a year ago he could have sold it for a Landseer; and this fact alone we trust will induce Mr. Hancock to adopt another style of subjects, even if he have not the pride to disdain the imitation of another.

Mr. Woodward has but one, 'Cottage Children and their Pets', painted with such feeling and fidelity to nature that we cannot but regret it is the only one.

Mr. Clint, A.R.A. also has but one, 'Falstaff's Assignment with Mrs. Ford'; and upon the whole we feel inclined to agree with the critic in the Morning Chronicle, that it is an advantage in it not to be copied from the actual modern representatives on the stage, as are some of his other productions. We are thus enabled to give our undivided thoughts

to him who was for all time, undistracted by any temporary remembrances, or temptations to look on them merely as portraits. We wish, however, that Mr. Clint had not made the two female figures so much alike; they seem copied from the same model.

Mr. S. Taylor has three. 1. Spaniel Puppies,—admirably drawn; 2. Bull Terrier Puppy annoyed by a Wasp; And 3. Scotch Terrier attacking a Badger.

Mr. J. Stevens has three pictures; and we notice them merely to protest against the experiment made in his 'Interior of a Convent near Rome.' The mannerism of the whole is extreme, and is only to be equalled by the extraordinary style of his colouring, as if painted on sand-paper.

Mr. Faulkner has three, which give abundant proofs that he can produce something better.

Mr. A. Wilson has two Views of Florence.

Mr. Henning has two. 'A Domestic Highland Still', and 'A Scene from the Second Part of Henry IV.', in which Falstaff is introduced;—the former we think by far the best.

Mr. Webster has three. 1. The Culprit (a schoolboy brought before a deaf old schoolmaster with the stolen apples found upon him); 2. The Catholic Question (a Guy Faux brought by some mischievous boys to the door of an old lady, who by her cross and beads evidently worships her of the Seven Hills); And 3. The Fair; painted in conjunction with Lee. The last, we must confess, is not at all to our fancy; it is out of keeping, and wants the harmony of colour which ought to be found in every picture claiming our admiration. Mr. Webster will understand our meaning, when we point to Mr. Knight's picture of 'The Pedlar' for his study. The other two pictures are also, perhaps, too full of subject, though they are also full of spirit and humour.

Mr. F. Howard has,—1. A Flight of Fancy, which he had better have termed A Flight of Figures; 2. A Numidian Lion Hunt; 3. Antonio saving Sebastian; 4. Study of the Lion in the Zoological Gardens; And 5. Portia pronouncing Sentence. They all prove an ambition which we would hope to betoken genius; but he must not wander about in his choice of subjects, if he would imitate the example of his talented father. He must feel his strength, and improve it by throwing his energies into some favourite pursuit, and he may show his genius as much by his choice as by his success.

Mr. Bridges has a View of Pæstum, and one of Mont Blanc.

Mr. Wood has,—1. The Orphans; 2. The Affectionate Sisters;

And 3. Reflection, a Study. Mr. Wood, we think, promises fair to attain a high reputation as a colourist, and we would not by any means deny his power of drawing. The first view of the Orphans struck us as powerfully as any picture in the room, and it must have been on account of the fidelity of the expression to nature, as, with the exception of the colouring, he seems to have failed in telling the story. Why should the children be naked? why should they be Orphans? we are tempted to ask, though perhaps, it might be thought, hypercritically. But we must deny this, by pronouncing the picture, with any fault it may possess, to be an especial favourite.

Mr. Good has five pictures. 1. Merry Cottagers; 2. The Truant, or Too late for School; 3. Coast Scene, (figures mending nets); 4. Sea Beach, with figures; 5. Forecastle of a Berwick Smack. All these exhibit considerable talent and power. Mr. Good only requires the advantages of a metropolitan scene for his exertions; at present, the not having any good pictures but his own, nor the wholesome fear of fit competitors to cope with, before his eyes, will lead him into a mannerism of which we fancy we see too many symptoms to allow us to give him the commendation we could desire.

Mr. Creswick has three Views of Rural Scenery.

Mr. Inskipp has three pictures. 1. Honest Izaak Walton (which Mr. Pickering, the spirited publisher, with his usual good discernment, has recently engraved for his new edition of the "Complete Angler"); 2. The Old Warrener; 3. The Fugitive, to wit, a Spaniel which has been caught up by her mistress. We should have said, that the last was inferior to the other two, but that no less an authority in matters of taste than the Marquess of Stafford has given the best proof of the excellence of the picture, by making it the only purchase he has chosen from the present exhibition. What renders the fact also worthy of notice is, that the experience and judgement of the Noble Lord was not to be deterred from the purchase by the very unfortunate situation in which it was placed.

Mr. Knox has two Views of Brussels.

Messrs. J. and R. Hilder have sent six Landscapes, which exhibit considerable promise. Perhaps too much hardness of outline; and if not an evident copying of the older masters, they certainly exhibit too much an appearance of having been taught to look upon nature through the medium of their works. The skies do not quite harmonize with the landscapes.

Mr. J. M. Smith has two pictures. 'The Domestic Friends' and 'The Fisherman's Cottage.'



Mr. Fradelle also has two.—‘Petrarch's Declaration to Laura’, and ‘Abelard's First Word of Love to Eloisa.’ We would wish, even if we could not approve of any historical picture, to give it such notice as the attempt itself would deserve; but when we hear that so distinguished a judge of art as Lord Northwick has purchased one of these, and the large picture of ‘The Fair Day’, by Webster and Lee, we feel almost inclined to distrust our own judgement,—were it possible.

Mr. Boxall has one,—why only one we should ask, were it not that we find this one, almost a gem of its kind, on the floor! It is a beautiful countenance, which well becomes the quotation from Shakspeare attached to it:

“A guest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart.”

Mr. J. S. Davis also has but one, ‘The Interior of the Picture Gallery, Greenwich Hospital’; a picture of beautiful effect, most skilfully and delicately touched. The subject is one difficult to be well executed; but Mr. Davis has performed it so as to demand our unqualified approbation. We feel great pleasure in stating that he is at present on the Continent, having been commissioned by Lord Farnborough to paint the Florence and several other celebrated galleries.

Mr. Pickersgill, R.A. has also but one, ‘Italian Peasant and Child’, which last year formed a conspicuous attraction to one of the Annuals.

Mr. P. H. Rogers has two. ‘Pallas directing the steps of Ulysses to the Palace of Alcinous’, and ‘Scene on the River Lyner (evening).’ The first is one of great merit as well as great pretensions, there is a Claude-like air over it, (though not a servile imitation of that incomparable master,) which at once very forcibly impresses the spectator. We regret to find a certain stiffness in some parts of the drawing however, which detracts from the general effect, and it is on the whole overlaboured.

Mr. H. P. Parker has two. ‘The Signal, a Coast Scene’, and ‘Isaac and Rebecca’. The action of the former is generally termed spirited; we think it too violent to be altogether pleasing: the other, as well as we could see it in the corner, is both well drawn and richly coloured.

Mr. Uwins has three. 1. Rather unfortunately named ‘The Presepio’, a *simple* piece of domestic devotion; 2. The Faithful Dog; 3. The Calabrian Shepherd. Can it be possible that the colour of the first is true to nature under any circumstances? Mr. Uwins was once considered as affording a promise of first-rate excellence; we could wish

that his visit to Italy had not taken him from better pursuits than he now seems inclined to follow.

Mr. Cosse has three. 1. A Domestic Scene; 2. A Highland Piper; and 3. The Angel at the Sepulchre.

Mr. Havell has two Views of Vesuvius.

Mr. Joseph, A.R.A. has one, entitled 'The Ring,' with the motto from Milton,

"That would be wooed, and not unsought be won."

Mr. Oliver, A.R.A. has sent 'A Dish of Filberts.'

Mr. Tomkins has three Coast Scenes.

Mr. Morton has but one, 'The Sleeper,' an Italian boy reclining against a wall with his detestable hurdy-gurdy before him, and notwithstanding a most uncomfortable position, yielding to the rest a day of wandering demands. The picture is admirably told, and admirably executed, but we wish he would select subjects of a higher class of art.

Mr. Brondgeest (who appears to be a late importation,) has brought to our market the style of De Hooze and others of his countrymen. We feel considerably indebted to him for showing the public how ably the works of the Dutch masters may be imitated, and trust he will not fall into the hands of dealers, who would be sure to use his productions for their own purposes on the public.

Mr. Cole has two Views in America, and one of Newstead Abbey.

Mr. Pidding has one, humorously termed 'A young Alexander and his Bucephalus,' a boy on a Newfoundland dog; the tail of the latter spoils the picture.

Mr. G. P. Reinagle has five very successful delineations of Marine subjects.

Mr. Derby has four pictures. 1. The Smuggler alarmed; 2. Highland Piper; 3. Life Guardsman; and 4. The Rustic Meal.

Mr. Mulready, jun. has three: and we are glad to see that in his studies he begins well, by not adventuring too soon on subjects beyond his strength.

To those who would object to this Exhibition as inferior to others, we would beg to point to *Mr. Fraser's* truly wonderful picture of 'Teniers Painting the Temptation of St. Anthony,' as of itself sufficient to redeem one of a much worse description. How can Mr. Fraser till now have kept hid under a bushel that light which has here burst out to astonish even his warmest admirers? With much gratification do we hail this performance. Mr. Fraser has at once stepped upon the highest pedestal of art; he has proved himself in parts almost equal to Wilkie.

It would be vain for us to attempt to do justice to this picture,—the whole is so powerful in its effect, yet so subdued in its tone, so masterly treated in all its details, even to the minutest parts of still life in the accessories. We cannot however omit noticing the severe beauty of the tempter and the appropriate attitude of the painter, who is evidently acknowledging to himself the conviction of having succeeded; nor can we but envy Lord Northwick the pride of having secured so enviable a purchase. After this, Mr. Fraser must no more give to the world such pictures as the only other one he has in the room 'A Joke no Joke,' where a number of children are pumping upon a boy, who evidently feels it no joke. Had he not produced the other, we might have given this the admiration such as we felt on looking at the works of Knight, Webster, Kidd, and Clater; but in looking at this we could not forget the other.

As a contrast almost to the preceding we have a large picture of a wine-cooler by *Mr. Lance*, who has also sent three others of the same style of subjects, elaborately drawn and beautifully coloured. But what shall we think of that mind which could spend so much time over such subjects, or of that judgement which could give them such conspicuous situations? Had this been hung up at the top or bottom of the room it might have been just as well seen, and even as much admired; but here it is in the very centre of the rooms, while *Mr. R. B. Davis's* very excellent picture of 'A Caravan at Rest' is placed where it is impossible to form any just idea of its merits. Having mentioned this one, we will proceed (though rather out of its course,) to notice the extraordinary rumour which has reached us of the unhappy fate to which this has been subjected. It is said that this picture was at first allowed a becoming situation opposite Mr. Stanfield's, but that it having been thought appropriate as a companion to another large picture, which had been till then actually rejected and ordered to be taken away, but was (by some very powerful interest exercised,) allowed to be brought back, and being thrust up into a corner at the top of the room, Mr. Davis's was sacrificed for the sake of furnishing it a companion! Can this be true? If so, we must say that we cannot be surprised at hearing the still more shameful charges which are so freely made even in the daily papers against the management of this Institution, to the utter subversion of those purposes for which it was established. No wonder that the best of our artists send so few of their works, or that they only send such as hang heavy on their hands. We sincerely trust that some spirited amateur will give this picture the attention it deserves, for we believe it would be an ornament to any collection in the kingdom.

Mr. Jones, R.A. has two Interiors of Stables exquisitely finished.

Mr. Cooper R.A. also two of his favourite Coursing subjects.

Mr. O'Connor has two landscapes very powerfully painted. We wish only for somewhat more variety in his scenes; perhaps they are a little too heavy in colour.

Mr. Hobday has two. 'The Dead Canary,' and 'The Dancing Dog.'

Mr. Buss has but one, 'The Bitter Morning,'—a man peeping out of bed, looking in dismay upon all the outward and visible signs of a frosty morning, the effect of which is heightened by the sight of a good fire and breakfast in the room adjoining, which however he cannot see to comfort him.

Mr. Willes has a 'View from Killarney,' and two others.

Mr. Harrison one, 'The Children in the Wood,'—too painful a subject to be rendered pleasing by any treatment, and in this neither has Mr. Harrison been very happy.

Mr. Haydon has but one, 'Mercury playing Argus asleep'; and Mr. Pickering also but one, 'Othryades,' with a reference to the Classical Dictionary. To both we should say, that it is not sufficient to choose a classical subject to constitute a classical picture. Mr. Pickering is not so confirmed in his course as to allow us to give up all hope of seeing him perform what we are convinced he can do. But he must abandon his French style of drawing and colouring entirely; he must not remind us in his figures either of the 'Dying Gladiator,' or any other common model; he must choose his subjects from what will find a more sympathetic chord in our breasts than the Classical Dictionary affords, and we shall hope never again to class him with Mr. Haydon.

Mr. Stephanoff has two. 'The Slave', a scene in a Turkish Harem; and 'The Gondola'.

Mr. Drummond, A.R.A. has only one. 'Pirates dividing their Plunder'.

Mr. Leahy has two. 'Jacques moralizing on the wounded Stag', and 'The Student'. The latter is a portrait, the other a picture of very great power: the landscape is treated in a very bold and effective manner, and the figure of Jacques in the foreground is very striking.

Mr. Arnald, A.R.A. has sent two pictures. 'Echo', a truly poetic conception, poetically treated; and 'War in Heaven', a sort of imitation of the style of Michael Angelo, with a great display of anatomical knowledge.

Mr. Bethél has a picture which seems placed as a contrast to the airy graceful 'Echo' of Mr. Arnald, merely because it has also a sort of flying figure called, 'The Apotheosis of His late Majesty George IV.', in

which His Majesty's weight seems remembered notwithstanding. This picture we first thought had been—and even now we are not convinced that it is not—a piece of small wit intended to ridicule the apotheoses of former beloved monarchs. If so, we must protest against such pleasantries; it really is not becoming in Mr. Bethel to dress up His late Most Gracious Majesty like a half-fried sausage in a dishclout, kicking about in the air, and setting us a-thinking Whatever can they be going to do with him! Our loyal sensibilities are most shocked, and again we protest against such pleasantries.

Mr. Stanfield has sent his very clever picture of 'Mount Edgumbe', which it seems did not please the purchaser, who was not Lord Mount-Edgumbe as we had been informed,—His Lordship only should have been. In another ten years we predict this picture will be worth double the sum that it has been returned for. We will not, however, deny that it has its faults; its too great scenic effect, though perhaps that is imaginary, but certainly the chilliness of colour, which is besides laid on too sparingly. Still we consider it as of first-rate excellence in its department of art.

Mr. Briggs, A.R.A. has sent his 'Ines de Castro parted from her Children', a picture full of action, and of surpassing beauty. The figure of the girl is exquisitely drawn, and the harmony of the whole great; but we must acknowledge that Mr. Briggs has failed in the expression of the countenance, which is exactly such as Mr. Evans should have depicted for Desdemona, but is not one for a mother parted from her children with the assassin's knife glaring before her. No wonder that the old tyrant should be unmoved from his purpose, when even we meek-minded and soft-hearted critics cannot sympathize in her sorrows. The colouring, too, is a little dry, but still it is the only work exhibited in the highest walk of art; and we should have placed it first in our list, had we gone by merit and not according to the Catalogue.

There is only one other picture we would notice, Mr. Chisholme's 'Shall I fight or not?' It is not a happy name, as the hero (of the picture) evidently has made up his mind not to fight; but it is a clever picture of its kind, and well told and well executed. We regret, however, the choice of such subjects,—they degenerate into caricature and degrade the art; we would wish to see it exert itself in calling forth the admiration of the good and the wise, not in exciting the simpering applause of the weak and vulgar-minded.

Our gallantry, as well as our sense of justice, forbids us to pass over the works of several ladies who have favoured us with their productions. Mrs. Pearson has sent but one, modestly termed 'A Study'; we would

recommend it to the study of half of the exhibitors.—Miss Beaumont has 'Nourmahal, the Light of the Harem', a very pleasing form.—Mrs. Carpenter, 'The Spring Nosegay'; Miss Alabaster, a Scene from the "Taming of the Shrew," which, notwithstanding a little hardness, shows considerable power:—while Miss Dujardin, Miss E. Rawlinson, and Miss H. Gouldsmith have given very delightful delineations of nature.—Miss Corbeaux in 'The Pout' has attempted a higher style with success; and so has Miss E. Jones.

In sculpture there are but few specimens. 'The Birth of Venus', by Nixon; 'The Musidora', by Sievier; and especially 'The Falconer', by Carew,—are productions claiming our notice and admiration. There are only a few other small subjects, of which we can but notice 'Flora', in marble, by Mr. T. Sharp.

## MISCELLANEA.

*Royal Academy.*—On Thursday, the 10th of February, Mr. E. Landseer was elected a Member of the Royal Academy in the room of the late Sir T. Lawrence. On Monday, the 14th, Mr. Westmacott commenced his Course of Lectures on Sculpture; and on Thursday, the 17th instant, Mr. Phillips gave his first Lecture on Painting, at the Society's Rooms, Somerset House. The subjects treated of in both were of an historical character.

*British Institution.*—In the notice, in our last Number, of the Pictures by the late Sir T. Lawrence exhibited last year at this Institution, it was stated that the picture of His present Majesty, which had previously been placed in the South Room, was removed on his accession to the end of the North Room, in the place of that of His late Majesty, which was then removed. As this has been ascribed improperly to a sycophantic spirit on the part of the Managers, we feel great satisfaction in stating the cause of the removal. When His present Majesty held his first Council at St. James's, he observed that the picture referred to of his predecessor, which had held a conspicuous place in the room, was absent; and on inquiring the cause, was informed that it had been lent to the Exhibition: upon which His Majesty observed that the place looked so strange without it, that he wished it brought back immediately, and the loss of it in the Exhibition supplied by some other from

the Royal Collection. His Majesty's wishes were accordingly obeyed, and the change was made; nor can we regret the circumstance, since it enables us to record a fact so honourable to His Majesty's feelings.

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*National Gallery.*—We have heard with great regret that there is an attempt to be made to frustrate the intention of the late Rev. Holwell Carr's legacy of his paintings to the nation. Should any such design succeed, all true lovers of the Arts must regard it as almost a national calamity, and we trust that Government will not allow it to be attempted without contesting the matter to the utmost.

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*Suffolk-street Gallery.*—The Exhibition at this Gallery will be opened to the public the latter part of this month. We feel great pleasure in stating from all accounts that we have heard of works in progress for it, that it will be especially deserving the notice of the public.

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*Exhibition of Paintings in Water Colours.*—We have been threatened with an answer to certain observations in our last Number respecting the Society at present established, under this title. We should have willingly given it insertion, having no desire or interest whatever but to state what we conceive best for the interests of Art.—The New Society we understand will have its first Exhibition this season, and will be open to receive the works of any artist who may send pictures (provided they be approved), and will not be confined, as the Old one, to the productions of members only. We do not quarrel with the latter, for that is an avowed part of their constitution; but we are rejoiced to find the monopoly attacked, and believe that there is "ample room and verge enough" for both.

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*Exhibition of Pictures at the Louvre.*—The triennial Exhibition, which it was supposed would be deferred this year on account of the recent events in France, we understand will nevertheless be opened in the present month. Mr. Stanley is the only one of our English artists whom we have heard of as having sent any pictures; and we regret that the vexatious system of duties prevents that interchange of their works between the artists of both countries, which we are convinced would operate to the advantage of both. At the last Exhibition, Mr. Daniell and Sir T. Lawrence each had several pictures, the latter especially the portrait of the Honourable Master Lambton: this was much admired there; and Baron Bosio, first sculptor to the king, on



seeing it exclaimed, with all the energy of his nation, that he would have given a thousand francs had it been painted by a Frenchman, for, to give it its due, it was the finest picture in the Exhibition.

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*Pontifical Academy, Bologna.*—This Academy have recently issued a programme, with reference to the competition of the prizes of the first class to be awarded this year, for which artists of every clime and country are invited to compete. Those prizes are: a medal value 60 sequins\* for an architectural composition; a second, of 100 sequins in value for an historical painting; a third, 25 sequins in value for the drawing of a human figure; a fourth, of 20 sequins for an ornamental composition in plaster; and a fifth, of 30 sequins for an engraving. Competitors are required to forward their works by the 30th of June next, to the Deputy Secretary of the Academy, who is ready to afford any further information.

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*Law Institution.*—The front of this edifice towards Chancery Lane is now nearly completed, and will form a very handsome architectural object; nor is it the less striking from the very homely or rather mean appearance of most of the adjacent houses. Owing to the contracted site of the building towards the street, the architect was compelled to confine the façade to a simple unbroken elevation, to which he has given, with very good effect, the character of the ancient temple portico. The arrangement is that of tetrastyle in antæ, or four columns between two antæ, forming a recessed portico or loggia; and the order, that of the Grecian, or rather the Asiatic-Ionic, the capitals belonging decidedly to that class, as marked by the more projecting echinus, and very boldly developed honeysuckles at the angles between the abacus and the volutes. The cornice, however, is that of the Attic-Ionic, or without dentals; but without at all objecting to this in the abstract, we are of opinion, that in this instance it would have been more judicious to have introduced dentals, as they would have defined themselves better; for the aspect being east, and the front consequently in shadow, even from the very commencement of a London day, there can be no strong effect of light and shadow to relieve the delicate mouldings beneath the corona, or to give prominence to the cornice. The front is crowned by an elegant pediment, remarkable for a bold enriched cymatium. Although there is nothing very particular or original in the design, except it be that it is rather unusual to find the entire front of a build-

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\* A sequin is about 5s. 10d. of English money.

ing consisting merely of a portico, there is, thus far at least, nothing objectionable. But one circumstance remains to be mentioned, which detracts in no small degree from the general merit of the elevation, being altogether at variance with the finish bestowed upon the other parts; namely, that the shafts of the columns are left unfluted, while the cymatia of the capitals and the corresponding mouldings of the entablature are all of them enriched.

The architect may probably have been induced to leave the shafts of his columns plain, under the idea that they would harmonize better with the antæ which occur in the same line: and yet we can hardly reconcile ourselves to such a conjecture, as there are so many authorities to the contrary; while it is certain that by channelling the columns as much would have been gained by variety on the one hand, as by consistency of character on the other. Whether, however, it has proceeded from intention or oversight, the fault is of that nature that it may very easily be remedied; and we would by all means recommend that it should be done while the workmen are now employed on this part of the building. That so essential a part of the decoration of the order should have been omitted from any consideration of œconomy, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe; for in that case, wherefore did not the architect retrench further, and by leaving the mouldings we have mentioned plain also, evince his attention to architectural unity and œconomy at the same time? Or rather, why did he not make this front complete and finished in every respect, instead of introducing any ornament on the side towards Bell Yard? for both the situation itself is so vile, and the general style of that elevation so homely and plain, that to incur any expense in stone-work and columns is as egregious an error in taste, as it is irreconcilable with any principle of œconomy. Although, however, this latter blunder is past remedy, the other deficiency may be supplied; and we hope that Mr. Vulliamy will strongly urge what we so warmly recommend:—we shall really be sorry should so handsome a piece of architecture be suffered to remain incomplete in order to save a few pounds.

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*York Cathedral Organ Screen.*—We have this week to congratulate the inhabitants of this ancient city at large, and the numerous array of influence and talent in the county, and even more distant parts, on the final decision of the very Rev. the Dean, that the choir screen in York cathedral shall not be removed.—*York Herald, Feb. 15.*

This announcement, which we are sure will be received with great delight by the public at large, renders it unnecessary for us to insert a

long article we had prepared on the subject. It may, however, be allowed us to call the attention of the public to the declaration against "the heresy," as he termed it, "in church architecture" made by Mr. Gage, the director, at the Society of Antiquaries, on the 17th of February. Mr. Gage has printed his opinions on the subject, we understand, in a letter addressed to Mr. Cholmeley of Bransby. We beg also to notice an able and argumentative letter we have received on the subject, by Mr. Robinson the architect.

*Museum at York.*—The spirit of improvement and embellishment which has displayed itself, in an almost unprecedented manner, in the metropolis during the last fifteen years, has extended itself to our principal provincial towns and cities, where many very fine pieces of architecture have been erected. York has not distinguished itself so much in this respect as some other places, particularly Manchester and Liverpool; yet the new Museum erected by the Yorkshire Philosophical Society is both an architectural ornament to the city, and a noble monument of the liberality and intelligence of those who have thus manifested their zeal in the cause of science. This building, which is on part of the site of St. Mary's Abbey, presents a handsome front extending 102 feet, and having in the centre a tetrastyle portico of the Grecian-Doric order, whose columns are three feet six inches in diameter, and twenty-one feet six inches high. The entablature is continued along the whole front, and on either side of the portico are three windows surrounded by architraves, corresponding with the general style of the architecture. The exterior design was made by Mr. Wilkins, but most of the internal arrangements were adopted from plans prepared in 1825 by Mr. Sharpe, though subsequently much enlarged and improved. Spacious folding-doors within the portico admit the visitor into the hall, which is twenty-nine feet six inches by eighteen feet six inches, and has a floor of scagliola composition in imitation of porphyry. The opposite folding-doors lead into the theatre or lecture-room; the door on the right into the library (thirty-one feet nine inches by eighteen feet six inches); and that on the left side of the hall to the staircase and council-room. The first-mentioned of these apartments, which measures thirty-five feet by forty-four, is distinguished by a superior degree of architectural taste. It has six Corinthian columns and four pilasters supporting enriched beams or soffits, dividing the ceiling into four principal compartments, in each of which are two rows of deep caissons or lacunaria; and those of the two middle divisions are filled with ground glass, so as to form in fact a glazed ceiling or sky-light (as in some of the new gal-

leries at the British Museum), but in a style incomparably superior to any other form of the skylight. By means, too, of a very simple contrivance, the light may be instantly excluded, should any of the experiments exhibited by the lecturer require to be performed in the dark. The seats for the spectators gradually slope from the level of the entrance towards the station occupied by the lecturer, which is facing the folding-doors. Communicating with this theatre, and to the right and left of it, are two spacious apartments fifty-one feet six inches long by eighteen feet six inches wide, for the collections in geology and mineralogy; the former containing nearly 10,000 specimens of British rocks and fossils; the latter above 2000 minerals, classed according to their chemical relations. Behind the theatre, and connecting the other two rooms, is the museum of zoology (forty-four feet by twenty-two); lighted, like them, by skylights of plate glass. In the basement is a laboratory communicating with the basement, a long gallery containing some architectural and sculptured fragments from the old abbey. The front of the building contains an upper floor, consisting of three rooms, one of which is occupied by the keeper of the museum.—The building was opened on the 2nd of February, 1830.

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*Altarpiece at Sheffield.*—The Sheffield Mercury contains an interesting account of a painting from the Gospel of St. Mark, "Suffer little children to come unto me,"—the work of Mr. Parris, and presented to the church of St. George in that town. It now adorns the altar, and is described as a magnificent picture. What else, though in a style with which we are not familiar from his easel, could be expected from the genius which revelled over all the extent of the Colosseum, or confined its exercise to the lovely imagination of the 'Bridemaid' at the British Institution? From the opening of his career we have anticipated nothing but fame to Mr. Parris, and he is indeed rapidly gathering the laurels we foresaw.—*Literary Gazette.*

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*Liverpool Exhibition.*—To the following pictures, exhibited at the last Exhibition, have been adjudged the prizes offered by the Common Council: 50*l.* for the best picture painted expressly for the Exhibition, to Mr. R. Lander, for his 'Bride of Lammermoor'. To resident artists, 15*l.* to Mr. Mosses, for his painting in oil of 'The Orphans'; 15*l.* to Mr. Austin, for his painting in water-colours of 'Llanberris Pass'.—*Liverpool Herald.*

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*Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione.*—The Fourth Meeting of this

very agreeable Society was held at the Freemasons Tavern on the 2nd of February. There were not so many members present as on the former occasion, nor was the display of works so remarkable. There were, however, some very excellent drawings, particularly a portfolio of some by Bonington, Varley, Hart, and some by Roberts, belonging to Lord Wharncliffe. In oil paintings we noticed a portrait of Major Johnson, by Mr. Rothwell: two by Mr. Wood, with five or six Studies, drawn with his usual ability. A picture by a French artist, Prud'hon, bearing all the peculiarities of the French school of colouring, and we may add, altogether of French taste. The subject, 'The Dying Father', was too painful to be pleasing, though it was certainly very ably executed. Mr. Knight had a picture which he named 'The Grandfather', who is represented playing with his grandchild on his knee:—the contrast between this picture and the former one strikingly showed the difference between the two schools. Where we prefer delineations of domestic comfort and enjoyment, our neighbours, with their usual love for effect, seek it even at the expense of making the spectator shudder:—thus it is the same with the drama; instead of striking the soul with awe and terror, their tragedy is nothing but melodrame, and their aim but the effect of the moment. We have heard with great pleasure that Lord Wharncliffe, the Hon. George Agar Ellis, and several other noble and distinguished patrons of the Fine Arts, are arranging the plan of a Society to consist of a certain number of Artists and Amateurs, upon a plan somewhat different from the present, the meetings of which are to be held at the Rooms of the Dilettanti Society. No greater boon could be conferred on artists than the breaking down of that barrier of interest which the trading part of the community have contrived to interpose between wealth and talent. We would have nothing but the courtesies of society interfere between artists and their patrons, feeling assured that it would best tend, not only to the advantage, but to the improvement of both. The condescension of the one would be repaid by the formation of a sounder judgement; the attentions of the other by calling into exercise those amenities of life, without the possession of which the graceful in art can seldom, if ever, be acquired.

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*City of London Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione.*—The First regular Meeting of this Society was held at the London Coffee-House on Thursday the 17th of February, when a great number of visitors and members attended, and a very interesting exhibition of works of Art was produced for the gratification of the company. Of the Drawings, it would be almost vain for us to attempt to give any account: we

noticed particularly several by Parris, Hayter, Varley, C. Fielding, and others. In Oil Painting, there were 'Studies'—by Sir M. A. Shee; Jackson, R.A.; Etty, R.A.; Clint, A.R.A. A 'Moorish Maiden', by Inskipp; several large pictures by Mr. Wood; a portrait by Rothwell; miniatures by A. Clint, G. R. Ward, and several others whose names we could not distinguish. If we may judge by the commencement, there can be no doubt of the success of this Society; and sure we are that the wealth, taste and talent of many friends of the Fine Arts in the City, are quite sufficient, and ought to support it. As it is probable that many friends of the Arts may wish to know the nature and constitution of these Societies, who have no other ready means of ascertaining them, we will here give the rules of this new one, hoping by this means to induce them to come forward, and by enrolling their names to add to its numbers and usefulness. The subscription, it need scarcely be added, is to defray the expenses of the rooms, coffee, &c.

*Laws of The City of London Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione.*

1. The number of members shall be limited to forty, with the contingent exception hereafter stated Law 5). Each member's subscription shall be one guinea per annum, payable, pursuant to notice, on or before the first Thursday in October, to the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Frederick Westley, Stationers'-Hall-court: on failure, a vacancy shall be declared. The election of members vested in the general body: the election to take place on the third Thursday of the month of October.

2. None but Artists and Amateurs are eligible to become members of the Society.

3. As the object of the Institution is to promote the love of Art, the mutual improvement and advantage of the members in its respective departments, and to form a centre of attraction in this division of the metropolis, it is expected that every member will forward to the place of meeting specimens of his own works, or those of others, which he may consider as tending to the furtherance of the objects of the Society.

4. When a vacancy is declared, the election shall be determined by a majority of "scratches" affixed to the names of the candidates. Should any two candidates obtain an equal number, the decision to be vested in the Chairman, who shall determine without seeing the names.

5. Any gentleman desirous of becoming a candidate, forwarding to the Honorary Secretary the recommendatory signatures of two members, (the same having been publicly exhibited two evenings of meeting prior to the day of election,) shall be eligible. Nevertheless, to meet

advantageous contingencies, any gentleman at any time wishing to become a member, obtaining the signatures of twelve members, six of them being on the committee, and forwarding his application, thus signed, to the Honorary Secretary, shall be eligible to be elected at the next meeting (his application having been publicly exhibited during that evening), though such election should occasion an excess in the number of members, such excess to be reduced by the first vacancy declared.

6. Every member, in addition to his own, to be allowed too transferable single tickets each, for any one evening of meeting: the committee, as a body, to have the privilege of six on all evenings, in order to the introduction of illustrious or distinguished visitors who may feel an interest in the object of the Institution.

7. The business of the Society shall be conducted by a Chairman and Honorary Secretary, who together with five other members shall constitute a committee. The committee, including the above officers, shall be elected annually, be empowered to make bye-laws, and to receive, through the Secretary, all communications.

8. The committee shall meet to audit the accounts some time in October previous to the general meeting.

9. The meeting of the Society shall be held on the third Thursday evening of the months of November, December, January, February, March and April, at the London Coffee House, Ludgate-street, at eight o'clock.

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Mr. Stanfield, we understand, has gone to Portsmouth to execute the commission given him by His Majesty to paint that celebrated harbour. We were truly gratified to learn that neither size, price, nor particular point of view was imposed, and feel that this is truly a judicious patronage of the Arts. We have heard certain observations on the choice of the artist, and because the commission was not given to Turner or Callcott. No one can have a higher opinion of those gentlemen than we; but still we cannot but applaud the choice in preference to those whose fame and fortune are both already established.

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*Private Exhibitions.*—It often happens that the residents of our vast metropolis have friends from the country, visitors at this approaching season of fashion, many of them of that intelligent class who come hither to seek intellectual amusement. To such, their hosts are too frequently at a loss to know how to supply a mental morning treat. It is true there



are many public exhibitions daily open; the British Institution, the Diorama, Panoramas, and a world of other "Sights of London:" but these are indiscriminately admissible to all, the *beaux* and *belles* of the West, and the *bulls* and *bears* of the East, at a vulgar "poll-tax" of one shilling. The National Gallery and the British Museum may be quoted as exceptions: but the *cicerone* confers no exclusive favour in showing his friends, "what *every body* may see, without thanks to *any body*." It may then be worth communicating to persons of intellect, that Mr. Bone's superb collection of Enamels is to be seen *gratis*, by application to that gentleman for a card of admission. His extensive series of illustrious personages of the reigns of Henry VIII., Philip and Mary, Elizabeth, and James I., exclusive of other specimens of this art,—the works of Messrs. Bone, father and son, all of surpassing excellence,—will supply a rich portion of a forenoon's gratification to the amateur of taste, and to the *recherché* in the history of our country, such indeed as no other cabinet collection in the empire can afford.

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Mr. Constable's Gallery of Landscapes, the production of his own masterly hand, is also to be seen *gratis* daily, by a similar application at his residence. In this gallery is an extensive display of Pictures, some strictly topographical, and others compositions chiefly descriptive of the sylvan, and marine, or coast-scenery of our picturesque island. The collection cannot fail to delight the admirer of that unsophisticated species of painting which, affecting not the *beau idéal* of art, endeavours to depict nature, though studied upon scientific principles in her genuine simplicity. England may justly boast its school of landscape-painting, wherein composition and effect with their resplendent attributes in every department are wrought with the potent magic of art; yet it would be difficult to name another Professor of this school, who *par excellence* is so honestly entitled to the designation of veritable painter of genuine English landscape, as Mr. Constable.

For several months this esteemed painter, with the aid of Mr. Lucas, an ingenious engraver, has been busied in experimenting in the art of mezzotinto. The result of these experiments is the production of a series of small prints, intended for a work on landscape, to be completed in six parts, two of which have recently been published. Judging from the specimens which we have seen, the series when complete, will supply a very valuable and interesting addition to the portfolio of the artist and the amateur. The object of these plates, which are engraved from the compositions of Mr. Constable, is to afford examples of the rich and varied effects of light and shadow which the

combinations of cloud and sunshine dispense to the local amenities of the scenes which are thus represented. Some of these graphic specimens, though purely characteristic of English landscape, and designed with unaffected simplicity, thus exhibited under a daring chiar-oscuro, have fair pretension to rank with works of the highest class of landscape.

In addition to these gratuitous exhibitions, Mr. Browne, celebrated for his superb works in scaglio, has completed his gallery of antique marbles, and other objects of *virtu*, which may also be visited by making application at his premises in University-street. The gallery contains a vast collection of statues, busts, and groups in marble, bronze, or molu, &c. &c. Candelabra, tripods, termini, superb specimens of antique and modern mosaic, a display of magnificent vases carved in marble and free-stone, the choicest works in alabaster, and innumerable works on a lesser scale, Egyptian, Greek and Roman, in every species of marble, and various metals for the boudoir or cabinet, forming together nearly two thousand elegant specimens of ancient and modern art.

The spirit and enterprise of Mr. Browne in arranging so vast an assemblage of classic and elegant specimens of art together, cannot be too much applauded; as it is principally owing to such British worthies as the Messrs. Wedgwood, Rundle and Bridge, Boulton and Watt, Morant, Seddon, and others in the employment of artists and who spare no expense to provide proper models for their workmen, that our manufactures have attained so marked a superiority over the productions of the last century.

The elegantly sculptured chimney-pieces set up in the new mansion of the Marquess of Stafford, and the superb scaglio columns which have proceeded from Mr. Browne's premises, evince the aid which the scientific architect may derive from the spirit and ingenuity of modern manufactures.

This gallery, on the evenings appointed for viewing the collection by lamp light, affords one of the most splendid sights of London.

*Tectonographic Models.*—We have seen some architectural models contrived on a novel and ingenious plan, which the inventor purposes to designate by the above name. Although applicable to entire buildings, they are chiefly intended to exhibit the interior of rooms, of which it is impossible to convey an adequate idea by mere sections, especially to those who are not perfectly conversant with representations of that kind, and who, consequently, so far from being able to combine in their imagination the effect of all the separate elevations, hardly comprehend

them singly. This contrivance is recommended both by its œconomy and simplicity; for not only are the Tectonographic Models prepared at infinitely less expense than those constructed in the usual way, but they may be executed, with very little extra trouble or time, by architects themselves: besides which, they possess the further advantage of being as portable as drawings, and occupying no more space. We certainly do not pretend to say that they are equal to carved models; but owing both to their great expensiveness and to the difficulties attending such subjects, these latter are very rarely, if ever, resorted to for showing the architectural design and the fitting up of apartments. The Tectonographic ones, on the contrary, would be found exceedingly serviceable, not only by architects, but by those who are employed in decorating rooms; and may be made as sketchy or as finished as circumstances may require; either to show merely the principal forms and the arrangement and contrasts of the different colours, or so as to exhibit every detail, with mirrors, gilding, draperies, carpets, painted windows, enriched ceilings, recesses, columns, and occasionally pieces of furniture. Neither is it the least advantage attending these models, that alterations and variations of any particular parts may readily be introduced, by fitting in additional pieces, of the extent required. It is intended, we believe, to publish a specimen model, with instructions for executing those complex and intricate subjects, which require greater nicety in the management of them than rooms without columns, recesses, or any curved forms.

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Mr. George Ward, son of the Royal Academician, and favourite *protégé* of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, many of whose finest portraits he copied in miniature with perfect fidelity, has lately accomplished a work on ivory, of an unusually large size, which he commenced before the decease of his illustrious patron, and which would have delighted him had he lived to see it finished. This is a copy of the famed portrait of Master Lambton, executed with surpassing beauty and skill, and perhaps the most accomplished specimen of miniature art that has yet been wrought. Lord Durham, for whom this copy has been made, is now the enviable possessor of a portrait in oil, and a portrait in water-colours, with which no modern pictures in these departments of art can compete.

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Mr. Denning,—whose exquisite copy, in water-colours, of the Waterloo picture by David Wilkie, R.A. not only added to his own well-merited reputation as a painter, but elicited, by the energy of his per-

ception, effective powers from the material in which he wrought, till then unknown,—has lately finished a superb drawing from the whole-length portrait of our present King, which appeared in the late collection of the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence at the British Institution. From this, it is understood, an engraving, in the line manner, is to be made, which, we believe, will be published by Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

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Mr. Davey of Newman-street, who for many years has been in high repute for his manufacture of prepared panels for painting in oil and water-colours, has produced a new and very serviceable material for the express use of the artist and amateur, to receive sketches from nature during a tour. This medium—prepared paper of various tints—will bear crumpling or rolling without injury: and as a dozen coloured studies may be packed in the folio within that thickness of space occupied by a single panel, or milled board, the invention supplies a desideratum long looked for.

A moderate sized sketch-book can be made of this material, capable of receiving one hundred coloured studies, within the sum of twenty shillings.

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Mr. Ackermann of Regent-street, who has long been busied in experimental improvements in the manufacture of water-colours, has produced a permanent white of great brightness, which will be very acceptable to the professors of water-colour painting, as many of the most distinguished amongst them are at length allowed by custom to avail themselves *ad libitum* of its vigorous aid. Heretofore, the *cognosc* would not tolerate, upon the finest coloured drawing, a single speck of this bright pigment—no, not even to the tipping of a skimming sea-gull's wing. Now, the daring, dashing emulators of *oil*, splash it about at will, and most effectively. Thanks to the late Bonington for this. Why should Prejudice longer be allowed to prescribe limits to the flights of Genius?

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Mr. Smith, the author of the very amusing *Life of Nollekens*, has prepared for the press, *Memoirs of his own Life and Times*, which will be found to contain many very curious anecdotes of art and artists.